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The Moonshiners

A Story of Vengeance

By Emma Howard Wight

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CHAPTER I.

JUDAS.

THE scene, lighted by the flickering pine torches, was picturesque and impressive. The dark, towering mountain as a background, a crowd of sturdy mountaineers seated upon rough benches, men, women and children, the slim, erect, dark-clad figure of the minister standing upon the crude platform of boards, his face strangely white in the wavering light.

It was the closing night of the "bush-meeting," conducted by the Reverend Jasper Wynne, which had been in progress for a month. The minister was a tall, slender man, with soft dark brown eyes and a womanishly beautiful mouth. His wavy chestnut brown hair fell low over his brow, and he had a fashion of pushing it back with a slightly nervous gesture. His face was handsome, spirituelle, but it was not a strong face. He had won the liking and respect of the mountaineers during the month he had spent among them, and the liking of the mountaineer is not easily won.

For some moments the Reverend Jasper Wynne had stood in silence struggling against some emotion which drained the color from his face and made his lips tremulous.

"My friends," he said, at length, steadying his voice, a singularly sweet, magnetic voice, with something of an effort, "this is the last time I shall preach to you. Tomorrow I shall go from among you, and it is not probable that we shall ever meet again."

He paused, and, as shrinkingly, reluctantly, he allowed his eyes to rest upon the faces upturned in the light of the torches, they met those of a girl seated upon the second bench from the front, dark, passionate eyes in which there was a mingled look of pain and tenderness. The minister half started—the look in the mountain girl's eyes was a revelation. The next moment he looked away from her and again spoke.

He had selected as the text of his sermon Judas Iscariot's betrayal of Christ. The tenor of his sermon was not the denouncing of Judas, but rather in extenuation of his treachery, urging that Judas was greatly tempted. He spoke, with great eloquence, of the overwhelming force of temptation and how prone man, in his weakness, was to yield to it.

The sermon was ill-chosen, for it was absolutely without appeal to the mountaineers, who hated treachery as they hated nothing else in the world. Some listened with indifference, but the majority manifested an impatience or intolerance, which, being Nature's children, and unversed in the art of dissimulation, they were at no pains to conceal. There was, however, a general movement of relief when the minister brought the sermon to a close.

"Let us pray," he murmured, with a great weariness on his pale face and in his voice. He sank upon his knees on the hard boards and bowed his face in his hands. His voice was low and touched with sadness. Several times the sob of some emotional woman mingled with it.

The girl with the gypsy face and the passionate dark eyes, wide with pain, crouched on the ground, her arms thrown over the bench, her head resting upon them.

The minister finished his prayer, which was brief. A hymn followed, but the girl did not rise with the others. When the hymn was concluded, an elderly woman, who sat next to her, stooped and touched her on the shoulder. The girl looked up, pushing the heavy dark hair back from her brow as though it oppressed her, then rose mechanically to her feet. The woman paid no further attention to her, ascribing her actions to religious fervor, or as they designated it, "she'd got religion."

The minister came forward, and in a constrained voice and with the suggestion of effort that had characterized his bearing during the entire evening, said a few words of farewell, thanking the mountaineers for the kindness, consideration, and hospitality they had shown him. His voice faltered several times while he was speaking. He ended abruptly, descended from the platform, and walked swiftly away toward the tent which he had occupied during the month of the meeting. The mountaineers were somewhat discomfited.

"Well, I'd reckoned on shaking the minister by the hand befo' he went away," declared Jim Galt, one of the mountaineers, watching the black-robed form of Jasper Wynne disappear through the opening in the tent.

"That's what I'd reckoned on, too," spoke up several others.

"The minister didn't seem like hisse'f tonight," said John Galt, a brother to Jim. Both were strong-looking, splendidly-built fellows, with clear blue eyes and thick, curling, blonde hair.

"His sermon war mighty po' and powerful unconvincin'," said Clem Brown, a dark-eyed, stalwart young mountaineer.

The girl, Verna Galt, flashed an angry look at him.

"I reckon the minister war sorter sorry to be a-goin'," declared the wife of Jim Galt.

Verna glanced quickly and eagerly at her mother, her dark eyes lighting, the rich color deepening on her brown cheek.

"Well, we air sorry fo' to have him go, ain't we, boys?" exclaimed John Galt. There was an unanimous assent. "Three cheers for the minister!" supplemented Galt, lifting his cap.

The air rang with the lusty cheers, and they all looked expectantly toward the tent, but the minister did not appear.

Clem Brown gave vent to a laugh in which there was the suspicion of a sneer.

"Looks like we've done wasted our breath," he said.

"The minister's tired and sad at goin' away, as mother 'lowed," spoke up Verna Galt. The young mountaineer flashed a strange look at her, his face darkening.

"Come along, let's be gittin' home," said Jim Galt, and the mountaineers and their families quietly dispersed.

They would have wondered much could they have seen Jasper Wynne as they cheered him. Shuddering and white-faced, he sank upon his knees beside the cot which served him as a bed, and bowing his head in self-abasement, murmured, tremulously:

"God forgive me!"

CHAPTER II.

THE MOUNTAIN GIRL'S LOVE.

The sun was rising upon the following

morning when the Reverend Jasper Wynne, wearing a dust coat, a large, soft, clerical-looking hat, and carrying a suitcase, came out of the tent. Involuntarily he paused, letting his suitcase slip to the ground, his haggard eyes lighting at the incomparable beauty of the early June morning. The sky was rose-flushed, flecked with opal, the top of the mountain was bathed in golden light, while above it the tinted mists hung like rose-colored clouds. The golden gleams were creeping down the mountainside, leaving a trail of iridescent color where they touched the dew-laden wild flowers. The lower part of the mountain lay deeply in shadow, somberly beautiful. Beautifully plumaged blue and red birds flitted from tree to tree, filling the fresh, delicious air with exquisite melody. The wheat fields spread away in the distance like a great emerald sea.

"How beautiful is God's world!" murmured the minister, lifting his pale face to the rose-colored and gold sky.

Along the road, winding down the mountainside, came the girl, Verna, moving with the wild, free grace of one who has spent her life among the everlasting hills. At the sight of the minister, who involuntarily paused, hesitated an instant, and then moved swiftly on down the path and approached him. When she was quite near to him, she spoke his name:

"Mr. Wynne!"

He started slightly and turned toward her, the enrapt look still on his face, but, at the sight of the girl, it faded and his fine brows contracted slightly.

"I come down the mountain to see you befo' you went away," she said, shyly, flushing a little under his cool, steady look.

"What can I do for you?" he asked. He spoke gently, but there was a touch of coldness in his magnetic voice. He looked away from her to the town about half a mile away. "I am afraid I cannot give you much time. I—I must be in town early."

The girl did not at once speak. He waited quietly.

"I just couldn't stand lettin' you go without seein' you ag'in," she burst forth at length, and again the minister's delicate brows contracted. "My heart's well nigh broken because—because you're goin' away!"

Beneath the contracted brows, a look like pity stole into the minister's brown eyes.

"You poor child!" he said, turning toward her. "It grieves me to think that I should cast the faintest shadow on your life. Your fancy for me will pass like those mists that shroud the mountain top. You will soon forget you ever knew me."

A faint smile crossed her lips. She shook her head.

"I—I love you," she half whispered. "I shall never fo'git you."

"I should be very sorry if I thought that your feeling for me was other than a girlish fancy that will soon pass away and be forgotten," he said, with some earnestness and a touch of weariness. "But you are very young. You will get over it, forget me, and marry that fine young fellow who cares for you so much."

She flashed upon him a look of passionate reproach.

"I ain't never goin' to marry Clem Brown," she exclaimed. The minister shook his head with a faint, incredulous smile. The girl drew a little nearer to him, her breath coming quickly, her lips tremulous. "I'd ruther be yo' slave than the wife of a—a king," she murmured.

The mountain girl, with her splendidly developed figure, her vivid gypsy face, her tenderness, her passionate abandonment would have thrilled most men, but the minister looked at her unmoved.

"Listen to me, Verna, he said. He spoke quietly, firmly, gravely. "You will understand that your—your protestations are distasteful to me when I tell you that I hope soon to be married." She stared at him, the rich color dying out of her face, her eyes wide and strained. "I tell you this," he went on, gently, "so that you will put me out of your mind at once, or think of me only as the husband of another woman. Either way your fancy for me will die a natural death."

It was a moment or so before the girl spoke. Then she asked, in a low, tense voice:

"Do you love her—very much?"

A wonderful change passed over his pale, weary face. The soft brown eyes lighted with unspeakable tenderness, his face flushed and grew radiant, a dreamy smile crept about his beautiful mouth.

"Love her?" he murmured. Then suddenly, as the girl gazed at him, thrilled and wondering, the color died out of his face, a strange look that was half fear and half pain, stole into his eyes. "Only God knows how dearly I love her," he said, half under his breath. There was silence for some moments. He seemed to have forgotten the girl who stood pale and very quiet. At length, with a sigh, he aroused himself, stooped and lifted his suitcase. "I must go," he murmured, mechanically. He turned and held out his hand to the girl. "Good-by, Verna," he said.

"Good-by," she murmured, dully, giving him her hand.

He pressed it kindly, lifted his hat, as he released it, turned, and walked rapidly away.

As the girl stood gazing after him, her arms hanging heavily at her sides, Clem Brown came down the mountainside, a rifle slung over his shoulder. He had witnessed the parting between the minister and the girl, and there was a scowl on his face as he reached her side.

"I came nigh puttin' a bullet in that thar minister feller," he muttered, "when I seen him a-holdin' to yo' hand when I come down the mountain."

Verna swung around and faced him. "What fo'?" she asked coldly.

"Fo' makin' love in his damned sneakin' way to my gal," replied the young mountaineer, gazing darkly after the retreating form of Jasper Wynne.

A laugh, bitter, contemptuous, broke from the girl's lips.

"You're rightdown crazy, Clem Brown," she exclaimed. "The minister warn't makin' love to me. He war biddin' me—good-by. And I ain't no gal of your'n," she added, turning away from him.

"He took you away from me, curse him!" cried the young mountaineer, savagely. He turned and looked searchingly at the girl. "I ain't no use fo' you to deny it," he declared.

"I ain't denyin' that I love him," she replied. Under the tan Clem Brown's face whitened. He had been hoping she would deny it, that he was mistaken after all. "But he don't love me," she added, pathetically.

There was a moment's silence, then the young mountaineer drew nearer to her.

"I love you, Verna, you know that," he said, softly, pleadingly. "Fo'git that thar preacher feller with his woman's face, his white hands, and marry me."

"That's what he told me to do," murmured the girl, sadly, half to herself.

"I came nigh puttin' a bullet in that thar minister."

She was silent a moment, then she shook her head. "I can't marry you, Clem, feelin' as I do about him. 'Twouldn't be right, and we wouldn't neither of us be happy."

The mountaineer's breath came laboredly, rage and pain darkened his eyes.

"Curse him!" he cried. "I curse the day he fust come heah with his pretty face and his soft voice. "I never did set the sto' by him that the rest done. I had a sort of feelin' that his comin' would bring trouble."

"I ain't goin' to stop heah and listen to you abusin' a man what never done you no harm," exclaimed Verna, resentfully, turning to leave him.

"Never done me no harm," cried Clem Brown, and the bitterness and pain in his voice caused her to pause involuntarily. "Ain't he done took from me the gal I love and always reckoned on havin' fo' my wife? My God! he couldn't a-done me no wusser wrong."

"I am sorry, Clem," said Verna, more gently than she had spoken to him since he had joined her. "I am sorry to cause you any trouble, but I can't help it. Even if I could make up my mind to marry you, I know the day would come when you'd be sorry. He said I'd soon fo'git him, but I won't."

She turned away and went on sadly up the mountainside. The path, which had been heavily shadowed when she came down, a vague but delicious hope thrilling her heart, was flooded with golden light, as slowly, wearily, and sadly, she retraced her steps.

The young mountaineer had turned and was looking somberly after the minister, whose black-clad form made a dark spot on the radiant face of the morning.

CHAPTER III.

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

Glenville, the town toward which Jasper Wynne was making his way, lay in a hollow surrounded almost entirely by the mountains. It was quaint and pretty. The business section of the town was built in a square, in the center of which, surrounded by what was called the "green," stood the red-brick courthouse, built of red brick with an overarching stone porch supported by heavy pillars. Adjoining the courthouse was the jail, also of red brick, with no distinctive feature about it save the grated windows. Directly opposite the courthouse was the "Greer House," the only hotel in the town, a long, two-storied wooden structure with porches running around it above and below.

There were not many persons astir in the town as Jasper Wynne passed along the main street and stopped at the front entrance to the hotel. A half-grown colored boy, who had been dozing on a bench beside the door, arose, and advancing with exasperating slowness, took Jasper Wynne's suitcase, remarking, in a drawling voice, as he turned to enter the hotel:

"Dis a-way, sah."

"I was to meet a man here, a Mr. Corts," said the minister, as he followed the darky into the hall. He paused a moment, moistened his dry lips, and then added, "Do you know whether he has arrived?"

"Ya'as, sah, he done arriv' las' night," was the reply. "Lef' word at de office dat you war to be showed to his room soon as you comed."

"Very well," said the minister. There was a strange look like fear in his eyes, as he followed the boy up the stairs to the landing above. Once he half paused. "It's rather early to disturb Mr. Corts," he murmured.

The darky stopped before a door marked number thirteen. Jasper Wynne glanced nervously at the number.

"De gempman in heah sade you war to be took to his room as soon as you comed, no mattah what time dat war," declared the darky, as he knocked on the door. "He tell dat to de boss and he tell dat to me. He 'lowed he'd guv me a dollar of I done carried out his 'structions." He grinned. "I reckon I gwine to try mighty hard to do it, too."

Jasper Wynne sighed resignedly.

At that moment the door was opened by a tall, thin, keen-faced man, fully dressed save for his coat. A gleam of satisfaction stole into his cat gray eyes at the sight of Jasper Wynne.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Wynne!" he said. "Walk in!"

Jasper Wynne entered the room, followed by the darky, who deposited the suitcase on a chair and then turned expectantly to Corts.

"I'se done brung de gempman, sah, 'cordin' to 'structions," he said.

Corts smiled and nodded comprehendingly. He ran his hand into the pockets of his trousers and produced a dollar, which he handed to the boy.

"Thanky you, sah," and the boy showed all his dazzlingly white teeth in a delighted grin.

Corts went to the door after the darky passed out and watched him pass along the corridor and disappear down the stairs. He then closed the door, locked it, and turned toward Jasper Wynne.

"Sit down, Mr. Wynne," he said, with a keen glance at the latter's pale face. "You look very tired."

Jasper Wynne went and sat down beside the window, removing his hat and turning his pale face toward the fresh mountain breeze. Corts seated himself near him. Jasper Wynne remained silent so long that at length Corts moved a little restlessly and queried:

"Have you anything of importance to tell me, Mr. Wynne?"

Jasper Wynne turned his head slowly and looked at him.

"I have succeeded in discovering proof of what you wish," he replied.

The revenue officer glanced up quickly, and again his eyes flashed with a look of satisfaction.

"I inferred as much when I received your wire summoning me here," he said. "Permit me to congratulate you on your——"

The minister stopped him with a gesture.

"Please don't," he exclaimed, in a voice of pain. He paused, then added, "I feel like a—Judas."

James Corts, revenue officer, made a little deprecatory gesture.

"I really see no reason why you should see the matter in that light," he remarked, easily. "Why not look at it from the standpoint that any means are justifiable in bringing law-breakers to justice."

The minister shook his head. He could not see the matter in that light. He had yielded to a great temptation, but he realized that he would never cease to feel a sense of shame and remorse.

But this matter-of-fact revenue officer was not inclined to argue the matter from a sentimental standpoint, and he added, briskly:

"Now, tell me all that you have discovered."

"I have found out who is the ringleader of the moonshiners and where the distilling is done," said Jasper Wynne.

"Good!" exclaimed Corts, with undisguised satisfaction. "That is what the Federal authorities have been trying to find out for years. But they have proved too sharp for us."

Jasper Wynne suppressed a sigh. The moonshiners had been clever enough to evade the emissaries of the law, but they could not protect themselves against the treachery of the man they trusted. Again he lapsed into silence, while the disciplined revenue officer successfully controlled all signs of his impatience.

"John Galt, who lives about a mile up the mountainside, is the head and controlling spirit of the moonshiners," said Jasper Wynne, at length. "He is what you might call the chieftain of the clan. The distilling is done in the cellar of his house."

The revenue officer stared.

"In the cellar of his house," he exclaimed, rather incredulously.

Jasper Wynne nodded.

"But how is that possible?" queried the revenue officer. "There must be an outlet for the smoke."

"The smoke, by means of an ingeniously constructed pipe, is carried to the kitchen chimney," Jasper Wynne explained.

"Ah, I see!" murmured Corts. "It's plain now why we never succeeded in discovering any traces of distilling. Who would have thought that distilling was being done in a cellar. It's an ingenious idea!"

"Yes, the whole thing is ingenious," said Jasper Wynne, dully. "The cellar has the appearance of being used for laundry purposes. It requires close inspection to discover that it is used for distilling whisky." He paused and then added, wearily, "Do you wish to know all the particulars as to how I made these discoveries?"

The revenue officer shook his head.

"No, I think not," he replied. "The information in itself is sufficient. We will lose no time in making a raid upon John Galt's house. As soon as we have him under arrest, you will receive the reward offered by the Government, Mr. Wynne—five hundred dollars."

The minister's face flushed. He turned again toward the sweet fresh air blowing straight from the mountain.

"Thank you," he murmured. He turned from the window and arose.

"There are quite a number of those Galts," the revenue officer explained, as he arose. "They've been under suspicion of moonshining for a number of years, but we never could catch them. I think we have them now, however," he added with much satisfaction. "Do you expect to remain in Glenville for any length of time, Mr. Wynne?" as the minister moved toward the door.

"No," replied Jasper Wynne. "I shall return at once to my parish. I have been absent a month."

The two men shook hands, Jasper Wynne took up his suitcase and went out. The revenue officer stood for a moment or so reflectively.

"If those mountaineers ever learn who gave the Government the information which led to the arrest of John Galt and others that will follow, that poor fellow's life won't be worth a moment's purchase," he said. "It's to be hoped that they never will suspect," and with a shrug of the shoulders he dismissed the subject from his mind.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WOMAN HE LOVED.

"When is Jasper coming home, my dear?" asked Doctor Glover, looking across the breakfast table at his daughter, a tall, graceful woman, with pale gold hair and statuesquely regular features.

"I really do not know, father," she replied. "But soon now, I should fancy."

"I wonder what success he has had in the mountains among those moonshiners?" murmured Doctor Glover, musingly.

Margaret glanced up quickly.

"Moonshiners?" she repeated. "Are the people where Jasper has been holding their meeting moonshiners?"

Doctor Glover nodded.

"Yes, the mountains are full of them," he replied. "The Government has been trying to catch them for some time, but without success. They are pretty slick customers. There is a reward of five hundred dollars offered by the Government for information leading to their arrest. There is not much probability of their being caught, however, unless one of the moonshiners, tempted by the reward, should turn traitor."

A look of scorn flashed across Margaret's perfect face.

"He would deserve to be more severely punished than those he betrayed," she declared. "A traitor is the most despicable creature in all the world. There is nothing that can excuse or palliate treachery."

"Oh, I think you are a little too severe," said Doctor Glover, rising. "We never know what a man's temptation may have been when he is guilty of treachery."

She shook her head dissentingly, but she did not continue the subject.

"I shall be glad when Jasper returns," she said, simply.

Her father paused beside her chair on his way to the door.

"Why are times, Margaret," he said, gravely, "when I wish you had not learned to care for Jasper Wynne, when I regret the fact that you are his promised wife."

She looked up at him, surprised.

"What makes you feel like that, father?" she asked.

"Because I fear it will be a long time before he may be in a position to marry," replied Doctor Glover.

(Continued on page twelve.)

Beaumont's Capture

By ALVAH MILTON KERR

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WE IN the despatcher's office at Paley Fork were perhaps the most skeptical. The unreckonable "gall" of the threat made us laugh at first, a disdainful cachinnation which eventfully gave way to rage and fears. But, really, who could be expected to contemplate with seriousness a "hold-up" of an entire railroad by a single individual? The robbery of a train by an organized band of men was quite within the pale of the possible, thought in the two cases where this had been attempted on our line it had failed. But this, surely, this last was living opera-bouffe!

President Sanborn, at the general offices in Denver, had received the first written intimation, an obviously disguised scrawl which stated succinctly and with lawless scorn of courtesy that his blankety blank railroad had been "seized" and would be held until a ransom of $50,000 should be paid in hand to the bold and stormy-souled "seizor." This rather regal fee, which was to be paid for immunity from divers forms and degrees of threatened violence emanating from said "seizor," was to be left by the track at the base of a certain notable cleavage of stone, four miles east of the Sandrill River, in the Cradle Range.

The assurance that the money had been left at the point designated should be a white flag fastened to the headlight of a certain engine drawing a certain train on a stated date; it was also stated that the "seizor" would thwart any attempt to capture him at the specified time and place, by the employment of an agent at present unknown to science, but of unexampled scope and destructiveness. The lives of officials and employes, this astounding epistle claimed, would not be taken unless necessary, but the president was assured that the road, in the event of the ransom being withheld, would be damaged far beyond the amount of money demanded, and the loss of traffic, by reason of injuries inflicted, would soon outweigh the sum conceived by the writer to be useful to his well-being and happiness. The signature at the end of the letter was euphonious, but conceivably not the writer's real name. It was "Banks Beaumont."

President Sanborn sent the letter down to Ames Burke, who was then division superintendent with his office at Paley Fork. After Burke had pondered it a moment he got up from his desk in the alcove room, and, with an expression of mingled mirth and apprehension, came out into the big room where the tables and chattering instruments of the despatchers were. He handed the letter to Chief Manvell, who read it and passed it around. After it had been read, we looked at each other and broke out laughing. Burke's face was the first to straighten into line of seriousness. He walked over to the window and stood with his hands on his hips looking out into the yards, watching, yet not consciously, two squat bulldog engines bucking the long lines of cars into trains ready for despatching. Manvell spilled some Durham into the bowl of his meerschaum and tamped it unconsciously with his thumb. He also stopped laughing and looked at the unlit pipe mistily. Burke came back and stood by the chief's desk, absently twiddling his watch-fob in his fingers. His strong mouth drew down in his beard oddly at the corners.

"After all, the fool might," he half-sighed.

"Might," assented Manvell. He struck a match on the sole of his shoe and laid the pipe down on the desk; the flame of the match burned his fingers and he threw it down.

"If the fellow really means it and has a mind to use 'nitro' he might do a great deal of damage before we could nail him," he went on. "Looks like a bluff, though, but if not——" he lapsed into silence, staring a moment at the clicking sounder on his desk. "Sanborn, of course, won't give up anything in answer to the threat?"

"Certainly not; he considers it a bluff," said Burke, and went into the alcove room.

"Where did the letter come from? What point? " Manvell called after him.

"Dropped into a mail-car at Summit, over on the Range," replied the superintendent.

But the lapse of ten days' time proved that the threat was not humor nor a fanciful aberration, but the forerunner of a pestilence of disaster. On the eleventh day after the receipt of the letter by President Sanborn, as the "seizor" of the Western Central had promised, the campaign of terror began. Tunnel No. 2, on the east side of the summit of the Cradle Range, was dynamited, blocking it for two days with debris; five days afterward the track was blown up on a dangerous curve twenty miles southwest of Denver, smashing up a freight; a week later the bridge over a creek emptying into the Sandrill near Silver Mountain was thrown off its abutments by some powerful explosive. After each one of the traffic-delaying attacks the head of the road in Denver received a scrawled epistle signed "Beaumont," saying that whenever the ransom was forthcoming the dove of peace would perch upon the rails of the Western Central and the hearts of the road's officials. Otherwise, the obtrusive supervision of the line by the "seizor" would quicken in attention and shattering virulence until the road became a trafficless cow-trail. Each one of these notes had been dropped into the letter-slot of a night mail at some point on the East End; one of them had come from Paley Fork itself.

On all the lines of the Western Central there then came a fever. It rose in temperature from normal blood heat to the boiling point and remained there. The road's small detective force was augmented by numerous private officers; the track-walkers were supplied with repeating rifles and instructed in methods of vigilance; a protecting engine, manned with armed guards, was sent over the East End nightly; watches were set at all important bridges. Nevertheless, a week later the protective engine itself was blown up by running over a sack of dynamite, halfway up the Range from the Sandrill, and Sanborn received a letter from the ubiquitous Mr. Beaumont stating that, if the company didn't soon "give down its milk," bridge No. 18, over Muley River, forty miles west of Paley Fork, would be dynamited, and, following that, the twenty-eight miles of snow-sheds on Muley Pass would be set on fire.

It would not be easy to picture the condition of the invisible mental side of this visible materialism that stretched its winding steel across Colorado and down into Arizona. The Western Central's officials mind approached dementia. The board of directors gathered and for one hot hour debated if it really would not be wisdom's part to purchase a quiet state of mind for themselves and a disarming plentitude of things for the zealous "seizor." However, Sanborn and Burke, who were present, and "Yellow" Logan, the big blond man from the K. P., who had done some very masterful things while the road was being constructed and was now general roadmaster, stepped crushingly upon this brewing cowardice.

They would consent to no penny of ransom being paid; they would see that this bland dynamiter was caught and made a human pepper-box by the aid of perforating lead, or, at least, landed in the penitentiary. As a resultant of this spinal stiffening being injected, and in view of the extreme gravity of the situation and the debasing effrontery of the "seizor," the board voted a reward of $5,000 for the capture of the marauder. Aside from a very natural hunger to abate the supreme plague from which we were suffering, we all, also naturally, felt more vital of appetite for the "seizor's" undoing in prospect of this pretty bunch of money. The road's fever palpably increased. The odd thing, however, was that in the end an old ramshackle engine and a slender girl captured Mr. Beaumont and the lucre. The story is a classic on the Central.

Just where lay Mr. Beaumont's individual residence was, of course, a mystery; his general habitat seemed to stretch from Denver to Muley Pass, a distance of some one hundred and twenty miles along our line. A heavy guard was at once placed over the bridge that spanned the Muley, and a long line of walkers patrolled the sheds on the Pass. Mr. Beaumont evidently did not find it immediately feasible to disrupt Bridge 18 or apply the torch to the snow-sheds, as he had threatened, but within a few days an explosion tore out a culvert near the Muley, and, of all surprising things, a switch-engine in our yards at Paley Fork, not a hundred feet from the despatcher's office, ran over a package of nitro-soaked guncotton, precipitating a general wreck of things. No one had yet been killed outright, but several of our men were in the hospital. As might be very naturally concluded, our passenger traffic evaporated until its volume could be enumerated with something like a cipher. We were moving a little freight now and then, in periods when the "seizor" and we were taking breath between shocks.

Through the wire and Tommy Loomis we all heard.

All that was definitely known of the physical aspect or appurtenances of Mr. Beaumont at that stage of the campaign was, that he apparently migrated by means of an astonishingly able horse that wore disks of rubber on its feet, and that Mr. Beaumont himself wore boots with high heels, both of which were worn away somewhat upon their outer sides and a little "turned over." Burke dryly remarked to me one day that thus far he felt sure of but one thing; that if Mr. Beaumont won the $50,000 he would buy a new pair of high-heeled boots. Proofs of the presence of a horse with curiously shod hoofs, and a pair of "run over," but very active boots, were found at the scene of several of the explosions, printed in dirt or sand. Therefore, these came naturally to be regarded as signs and belongings of Mr. Beaumont.

Of Mr. Beaumont himself the numerous persons who were hunting him—and incidentally the $5,000—never once saw a hair. Obviously he was beautifully familiar with all the roads and mountain-trails of that region, and it looked as if he might have constructed some secret ones of his own, possibly in the air. Whether he lived in a tree on the top of a mountain or dwelt in an unknown and unfindable cavern, somewhere in the Range, was pure conjecture. For six weeks he was a puzzling myth, so far as personal localization went, but a most amazing and fearful reality as related to his "seizure" of the railway. Sanborn's white hair seemed to grow sparse upon his domelike head; Logan's yellow eyes got somewhat the effect of a mad dog's, and the "groove of concentration" between Burke's eyes deepened and elongated as the attacks thickened. Had the Western Central's long line of rails been living nerves they doubtless would have been found tied in twitching knots by reason of worry and terror.

We in the divisional headquarters had special cause to "gray and wrinkle" as time went on, for Ames Burke himself received a note from the dynamiter adjuring him at once to influence a settlement or the Paley Fork station would be erased. "Yes, "erased" was the pleasing term employed. It was especially expressed to one who now remembers it, who sat there night after night trying to despatch trains with his hair standing on end. To be sure we had guards about the station, but the guards might fall asleep and the "erasure" be suddenly accomplished, or the "seizor" might be using a flying-machine, and, winging his way above the building, drop dynamite down the chimney. For these reasons, and divers others equally as hideous, the one who now remembers then wore his hat solidly pulled down on his head that he might to some degree disguise the porcupine tendency of his cranial locks.

However, that man was not Tommy Loomis, though the latter despatched the trick from 4 o'clock p. m. until midnight; but it was Tommy Loomis' sweetheart who captured the "seizor." It may be doubted, indeed, if Tommy would have

figured at all in this chronicle but for the "nerve" of Miss Ruth Patten, telegraph operator at Placer, and daughter of Amos Patten, station-master at that point.

Tommy was Superintendent Burke's nephew and had prospects." He was a son of John Loomis, one time Senator and now chairman of the board of directors and the largest owner of the stock of the Western Central. Figured by the calculus of the probable, Tommy was destined to be rich, and was estimated to reach, finally, no less a position than the presidency of the road. The velvet hand of nepotism, however, had wisely been withheld from him; he was working his way and learning the business from the base up.

That he should have fallen in love with Ruth Patten, a humble "pounder of the brass," and daughter of a man who very likely had not four dollars beyond his small salary, was as vinegar both to Burke and the chairman of the board. Therefore, the "powers" had discouraged Tommy, after a fashion that was rather surgical than hypnotic; he had been ordered to proceed to Denver at the end of the month and enter upon duties under his father's eye. Some bitter things promised to be ladled into Timmy's cup did he commit the mistake of marriage with this lowly mountain girl. None the less, Tommy had not the least notion of giving her up. Did the "powers" really know Ruth Patten, as he did, they might rave; but the raving would be of a sort barren of anger and justly clothed with appreciation. That was Tommy's conviction.

As for Ruth Patten, she was, truly, very nice. Tommy, when he was with her, always had a sense as of the presence of wild flowers. Her plain, clean, mountain-aired clothes, her slenderness and delicate pink coloring, her shy, sweet demureness with him, made him think always of some outdoor thing he had seen somewhere, probably wild roses. Though since her fifteenth year—she was now nineteen—she had lived among the tumbled billows of the Range in the little station with her widower father, she was not without culture. She had known books and music in Denver in the days before her father failed and fell to the small offices of the station at Placer. More than that, the girl had character and courage. One who chanced to catch the flash of her splendid hazel eyes in certain moments might easily have fancied her capable of even greater bravery than suffering the long silence of the mountains for her father's sake. She was something even more than Tommy knew.

Placer was a very small place, eight miles eastward from the Sandrill bridge, up among the tossing earth waves that weltered toward the high backbone of the Range. Ruth's firm slim fingers had made the interior of the station homelike, from the kitchen to the bird-cage above the telegraph-table in the bay-window. Tommy found it an alluring spot to visit; besides, of evenings, the despatcher's wire, though not a human heart-string, thrilled often electrically between them with that which sprang from chords that were tenderly human. Ruth's father had a gold watch; very far from Placer, with which he was entertaining himself at times, finding in it stimulus for certain pleasure dreams; hence, the girl was frequently in entire charge of the station, the duties of which were very light. In the long pauses between the passing of the trains she often went to walk, rambling fearlessly about the mountainside. On one of these walks she saw the "seizor," the first glimpse had of him by any one since he deigned to devote his energies to the disruption of the road.

A half-mile below the station lay a little bridge across a ravine, at the bottom of which a mountain stream, now lively volant and singing, came out of choking scenery and shot again into greenery. Here Ruth often rested, sitting in a shady spot near the brink of the ravine, and here one sunset hour, as she silently mused, she spied a horseman riding out of the thickest of verdure below her. He was dressed, in clothing of a neutral tint, wore a gray slouch hat, and had a drooping black moustache. At one ear he held a contrivance which looked to be a sort of combination of tin pan and a horn. He seemed to be listening intently through this instrument, and his black eyes glanced about with keen alertness beneath the shading brim of his hat. The girl sank back, flat upon the earth, her heart leaping. As she lay there she turned her head so that her gaze encompassed the upper portion of the bridge, and presently she saw a hand reach up through the ties and place a small bag of something upon one of the rails. After the hand had been withdrawn she lay motionless a long time. Finally, when the smoky dusk was thick, she sat up and looked about. The man had come and gone, so far as she could detect, absolutely without noise. She took the package from the bridge very gingerly and hurried down to the station. Amos Patten soon told her what it was, and ten minutes later, through the wire and Tommy Loomis, we all had heard.

Through the next three days and nights effort and vigilance were doubled. The penitentiary hounds had been brought to Paley Fork several days before, and these creatures of clairvoyant nose were now rushed to the little bridge below Placer. But in vain; some sort of perfume scattered by the man seemed to sicken and baffle the dogs; to diffuse itself so widely that the beasts were all at sea. However, more feet were now in the mountain roads and trails pushing the quest, Sanborn and "Yellow" Logan and John Loomis, together with over a hundred expert man-catchers from Denver, were in the region, working like beavers with no obvious result save weariness.

Then, something of real import had happened, an accident that engendered crisis had fallen. During the night that followed the evening in which Ruth Patten had looked upon the face of the "pestilence," he of the drooping mustache had ridden by devious lifted mountain ways and by rowing avenues toward the west, intent upon still further urging the company to issue its coveted "milk" by breaking the line west of Paley Fork. With his horse proceeding on almost soundless feet, and himself, through the use of his curious audiphone, in instant command of the least noise that fell within the radius of a half-mile of more, he rode by at times, out of the traveled ways, and permitted the searchers to pass him by.

Upon one of these wily discursions, on a mountainside north of Paley Fork, the "seizor's" grand campaign of terror suddenly jolted against a dangerous point, carrying him crashing down a considerable precipice and leaving him with a broken arm, a smashed audiphone, and a head stunned. Manifestly he was no longer safely equipped for either self-protection or successful furtherance of the raid. Mr. Beaumont swiftly conceived a notion for doctors and a deep desire to quit the region.

It would hardly be worth while to state that Mr. Baumont was a singularly original, dauntless, and resourceful soul; there had been evidence in plenty of this; but he did need a fresh horse, a new audiphone, and splints for his arm. He felt a natural desire to go away before he was captured, since capture meant the penitentiary or something worse. His procedure was characteristic; he did not do things as did other men.

Very late in the second night after Mr. Beaumont had experienced this private tragedy he brought his bruised person secretly into Paley Fork yards in quest of exit. Now, upon a spur-track near the roundhouse stood an ancient engine, the Number 100, bought from the K. & P. when the Western Central was under construction. At the time of her purchase she had not been young; now she was hoary, if the term may be permitted, and had either to be largely rebuilt or cast to the scrap pile. Addicks, the master mechanic, decided to send her to main shops at Denver, that she might be "killed or cured," as the superintendent of motive power might will when he case had been diagnosed. Accordingly he ordered Dick Edwards to hook her on to his engine, the 484, and haul her over the Range to the capital. Dick was now crossing the division every twelve hours, with armed guards, since Phil Porter and the 500 had been blown up, and could as well as not pilot the old 100.

Mr. Beaumont, crouched in shadow between two box cars, chanced to hear the yard foreman explain to a switchman this order from the "M. M." To his penetrative wit the situation made swift appeal. He crept stealthily to the decrepit engine, which had for weeks been neither fire nor steam, and climbing through the gangway into the tender, painfully and carefully lowered himself through the intake into the water-tank. The round aperture through which water was let into the tank closed with an iron lid, hinged on one side, and fastening with a spring snap on the other. Reaching up with the hand of his uninjured arm, after his feet rested on the bottom, Mr. Beaumont softly let down the lid. It closed with a click of the spring catch, and Mr. Beaumont, bringing to bear the wildest possible pressure, could not open it again. He had imprisoned himself.

The "seizor" sat down upon the bottom of the tank in rare perplexity, wondering how he would escape from the place without discovery after his arrival in Denver. It looked that destiny might deliver him into the hands of those who wanted him. However, as respected Mr. Beaumont's resourcefulness, he had reasons for confidence, one item of several that traced him being no less a fact than that he had very ingeniously escaped from the penitentiary two months before. Still, the situation was rather dispiriting, especially to a man who had recently taken charge of, and dominated a railroad. Had Mr. Beaumont known just how he was to find egress from the black and musty hole, he would have felt doubtless a still heavier burden of discouragement. As matters stood, one factor, at least, appealed comfortingly to this erstwhile regal highwayman, now ingloriously "bottled up" in the tank: his present lair was quite the last place on earth into which any one would look with thought of finding him.

Just after day had flowered, and it blossomed wonderfully there in the mountains, Edwards backed the 484 down to the inert and silent 100. The rusty draw-bar of the latter engine was coupled to the tender of the 484, the draw-bar being supplemented by a heavy chain. The low-hung, heavy old creature having thus, metaphorically, a ring in her nose, was led out upon the main line. After two guards with rifles in hands had climbed into the cab with Edwards, the latter opened the throat of 484 and the two engines thumped their way out through the switches and rolled away toward the Sandrill. Thirty minutes later Nat Peters, with the 505 and a coach in which were Sanborn, Logan, Loomis pere, and a dozen armed men, followed toward the east.

Their purpose was to conduct a search from the summit down the east side of the Range, Mr. Beaumont seemingly being utterly unfindable on the western slope.

One can scarcely fancy what a stirring of official pulses would have ensued had they known that the baffling Mr. Beaumont was very much in the immediate procession. As for the "seizor" himself, he crouched on the floor of the tank, holding fast to one of the rods that served to break the sway and push of the water when the machine was going fast and the tank was full. It may reasonably be doubted if, shaken about in that ink-black hole, the conquest of even an American railroad served to make blackmail by dynamite seem to him utterly satisfying.

For the most part, the 484 had only to hold back the 100 on the way from Paley Fork to Sandrill, the grade being downward. From the Sandrill, beginning to mount the mighty steps that swung upward through thirty miles toward the summit, the old engine dragged on the coupling like a dead leviathan. At Bridge Station tank Edwards stopped the 484 for water. The two guards got down to stretch their legs, and, as the engines were again put in motion, they climbed into the 100. One of the men took the engineer's seat in the cab, the other passed back into the empty tender and perched on the top of the tank. The redoubtable Mr. Beaumont heard the man plunk the butt of the gun-stock down between his knees on the iron not thirty inches above the 'seizor's" head.

"This is dandy," cried the guard on the tank to one in the cab. "I can watch both sides of the right of way. I feel myself nearing that five thou."

The man spoken to came back and also perched on the tank. "I'll divide the mazuma with you Jim," he laughed. 'This is a good p'int to see from sure. Besides, if Edwards runs the 484 onto a poultice of nitro, laid on the track by that mysterious son of batan, we will be sorry distances from the burst of the pin-wheels and fixin's.

Mr. Beaumont, sitting in the dark tank beneath them, though longing sorely for a mouthful of fresh air and the openness of some far-away promontory by the sea, threw his curved mustache awry with a sardonic grin.

Morning sunlight was flooding down the west side of the Range when the 484 passed Placer Station. Ruth Patten, in a pretty calico and with a rose in her hair, was out on the platform. Each man on the engines smiled and took off his hat to her. The two on the tank, sitting almost on Mr. Beaumont's head, thrilled with something of the pride of cavaliers, for, as they were, in search of the mighty mountain brigand. Besides, Ruth's smiling eyes were the only ones that had looked upon the Human Crux, the visage of which behind iron bars was worth $5,000. They bowed with emphasis to her.

At that moment Nat Peters, with the 505 and the coach of officials and deputies, was rounding Puma Point, coming down toward the Sandrill. Chief Manvell himself was despatching on the East End train-sheet at Paley Fork, anxiously noting the movements of the few trains traversing the division. Twenty-two minutes later the operator at Bonebreak, seven miles farther up the Range from Placer, reported engine 484 and 100 as having passed eastward; six minutes later he fairly jumped upon the key and telegraphed Manvell.

"The 100 has broken loose! She just went by here down the grade like a rocket!" he said.

Manvell fell back from the train-sheet and stared at it for an instant as if it were on fire. "My God!" he breathed, then his hand leaped to the key and called Bridge Station.

"Sanborn's special?" the dots and dashes flashed.

"Just gone," came the reply.

"Can you signal them?"

"No, they have crossed the bridge and are out of sight."

Manvell got to his feet holding fast the table. "Burke!" he said, hoarsely. The superintendent came out of the alcove room, his brows knit in anger.

"More dynamite?" he grated; "who's struck it now?"

"Don't know if it's that or not: the 100 is loose and coming down the mountain; she will strike Sanborn and the men just below Placer!"

Bunch Wilson, who was despatching the West End, and the way operator, came to the chief's table; they had suddenly grown pale. Burke unconsciously ran his sinewy fingers through his hair; both his hands were trembling. Manvell caught the key again and the dots and dashes flew. He was wildly calling Ruth Patten at Placer now; one chance of salvation remained. But Placer was silent, no reply came back. Burke walked up and down, fiercely striking his right fist into his left palm and cursing women as employes, but Wilson and the way man stood staring at the chief; Manvell hung over the zipping key with perspiration dripping from his chin, but Placer made no sound; Ruth Patten was in better business.

Sitting by the telegraph-table in the station, sewing and thinking of Tommy, that startling announcement from Bonebreak had roused her suddenly. She, too, like Manvell, had gotten to her feet in consternation. She saw as clearly as he the tragedy that was to fall. For a moment she stared blankly, then her big hazel eyes flamed with light. She sprang out of the little office swiftly, ran into the small freight-room and snatched a switch key from the check-rack. The next moment she was on the platform, looking anxiously about her. Amos Patten had gone to his "prospect;" no one was near. On the north side of the station ran a complete siding, upon which stood three box-cars; on the south side, parallelling the main track, stretched a spur, some three hundred feet in length. The switch to this spur lay some two hundred feet eastward from the station. The spur-track itself could not well be made a complete siding, for the reason that its western end abutted on air, the earth breaking downward at that point into Placer Canyon.

Should she turn the engine in on the north track or the south? On the north the flying mass of iron must burst into the box cars, on the south it would sweep away the bunting-post and leap down through pine-trees and mighty bowlders into the gorge below. In either case it looked sorry indeed for the king of railroad wreckers, sealed in the tank of the doomed 100.

The girl chose the spur-track. It seemed better to send the old engine to her final death than to crush good property and endanger the station itself. With parted lips and a heart that throbbed wildly, she fled along the ties to the switch. With shaking fingers she inserted the key in the lock and turned it, listening toward the east. She could hear nothing save the clamor of her pulses. The time seemed year-long in which she was trying to throw the shift-rails over; indeed, she had tugged and thrown herself against the lever of the old-fashioned target switch through quite two minutes before the rails were over and the pin in. Through every snail-paced moment she had seen in horrified fancy the avalanche of iron whirl by and go down to split a bloody way through Sanborn's special.

Now, she stood bending toward the east, wide-eyed and panting, unconsciously wringing her bruised hands together in an agony of expectation. Perhaps the runaway had climbed the rails somewhere and already lay in ruin in some gorge! No! down through the gnarled muscles of the mountain's bosom crept a flooding thunder; it rose and heaved in volume until the air quivered and the ground shook. Involuntarily the girl drew back and still farther back, her form shape bent forward, her white face straining. With a fearful bursting roar the rushing engine struck the switch, tipped and shot along the spur. Almost opposite the station the engine exploded! A tearing, rending thunderburst, and the air was full of dust and hurtling iron. Completely gutted, her twisted frame and gaping boiler rolled and bounded fifty feet away and hung over the edge of the gorge; her tender crushed and kneeling half-over, turned straight across the track and plunged through the platform into the station.

The girl got up from the ground, where she had dropped involuntarily or been thrown by concussion, and with no clear sense of what she was about, fled to the station. She ran in through the door of the little passenger-room, her thoughts twisting in an inconsequent chaos of Tommy Loomis and the safety of the bird that had hung in the bay-window. As she entered the door a man, bloody and disheveled, crept out of the office and got to his feet. Gasping for breath and red-eyed he looked at her.

It was Mr. Beaumont. He looked blackened and battered, as something might that had been thrown from a catapult. Mad to escape, he fumbled bunglingly at his belt where hung a revolver. The girl had drawn back with a scream of terror. The next moment she whipped a pistol from the pocket of her gown and leveled it. For days she had carried that little instrument for Mr. Beaumont. She stood up so straight she seemed to lean backward and her eye turned to amber fire.

"Drop it! Throw it over there in the corner! I know you!" Her white teeth bit off the words sharp and clean. "That's right, throw it on the floor; I'll take care of it."

The man dropped the revolver on the floor and stood swaying, his red eyes dimming as he stared. "I'm hurt," he breathed; "let me—let me sit down."

The girl's face softened. "Rest here on one of these settees," she said. The man's limbs wavered and doubled and he sank down on one of the seats, his flesh showing chalky through the grime on his face. "Water," he whispered.

The young woman looked at him steadily a moment. "There's several men in the hospital on your account," she said, but she brought some water in a tin cup from a little tank in the corner and held it to his lips. When the

(Continued on page twelve.)

The Second Son's Plot;

Or, A BROTHER'S PERFIDY

By ANNIE BROWNLEE

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CHAPTER VII.

WE WILL return now to that chapter in Arthur Fanshaw's life. Wherein Hope Fraser played such an eventful part.

True to her word, Hope took the fast express the following evening for Ottawa, carrying her few belongings in a shabby old valise, and crying softly, piteously.

Early the following morning, Josiah Fraser was vainly searching for his lost daughter. He went from house to house, piteously asking every one he met if they had seen aught of his little girl.

Somehow or other the word got out that Hope had taken the train the previous evening. Then the old man went home well nigh broken-hearted.

The old "night-watch" and his wife never voluntarily mentioned Hope's name again. Their hair grew whiter, their lips sadder, and their steps more feeble, but that was all the world knew of their terrible desolation, their more than death. It was night in their hearts, for a child had gone astray.

Arthur Fanshaw heard and saw all, but his heart was cold and stony. He thought of Hope only as a millstone about his neck—a part of the past that he would gladly forget. The secret disclosed by Mr. Blackburn had changed the man wonderfully.

Perhaps the most despicable part was that he at once assumed a different attitude toward the unhappy passage in his life wherein Hope Fraser was concerned. He had long ago dismissed all regrets concerning the girl. She had been very indiscreet and thoughtless, and she must now bear the consequences. He could not be expected to mar his bright prospects by atoning by marriage. No man of brains would do it. She should have considered the future before it was too late. He had been guilty of no offense that any other man would not have committed. True, he had yielded to temptation, but so had hundreds of other men. Were the consequences of that one weak moment to drag him down and spoil his whole future? No! The blame was not his. The laws of society would not condemn him. Without one thought of sympathy, one tender regret, he dismissed from his mind, as he hoped forever, all thought of the loving child, who had more heart than head.

The sun had set in a cloud of April glory. Here and there the flowers peeped timidly out, and the birds were singing their evening songs. Mark had just returned from a long day spent at the mills.

Mrs. Fanshaw had not been feeling well, and had retired to her room. In fact, of late she remained in her own apartments almost all the time, for the company of her second son had become very hard to endure. The covert threats and insinuations, though impossible to understand, had hurt her cruelly. She loved her second son with all a true mother's enduring love, but her sensitive nature shrank from encountering his stern face and harsh words.

The door opened softly, and Mark entered.

"Ah! you are early, Mark," his mother cried, her face brightening.

"Yes, mother, I came home a little early. I wanted to have a talk with you," he replied, and his face looked worn and haggard.

"What is it, my son? I know that something has been bothering you for a long time. Are you going to confide in me?" Sympathetic tears shone in her eyes at the weary, haggard look of her best-loved son.

"Since father died without a will, don't you think we should come to some understanding with Arthur?" he asked, plunging at once into the subject that was uppermost in his thoughts.

"Yes; I think it would be a very wise and just action to share something with your brother. Your father intended in his will to give Arthur thirty thousand dollars to start life on. I think you should fulfil that wish."

She paused a moment for the other to speak, but as he remained silent, she continued:

"If it were possible, I should like my two sons to remain together, but I fear that can never be. I trust, therefore, that you will carry out your father's wishes." She was perplexed and puzzled over the other's strange silence.

"I have decided, mother, that Arthur has the best right to the mills and estate. I will take the thirty thousand dollars father intended for him."

"My son, are you mad?" she cried aghast. "You must not do that. Your father never dreamed of such a thing."

"I have fully made up my mind that Arthur shall have all. Nothing less would satisfy him and secure peace. I shall be quite content with the thirty thousand," he said, rising to go.

"But it is against all reason! You are your father's eldest son, his rightful heir!" she cried, excitedly.

Mark looked at his mother curiously for a moment, they shook his head. Doubtless she thought to spare him the pain that the knowledge of his birth must bring—Arthur had spared him nothing. She did not dream that her secret was known, and she should never know if he could help it.

"It's no use mother; nothing can change my mind," he said, as he left the room.

Mark Fanshaw went immediately to the library, where his brother Arthur and Lawyer Blackburn awaited him.

As Mark closed the door of his mother's room, she rose to her feet and began pacing the floor in great agitation.

"It must not be!" she cried. "What did he say about Arthur? 'Nothing less would satisfy him and secure peace.' Surely the boy cannot be so thoroughly selfish, so devoid of all sense of right, as to expect such a thing."

She paced the floor for some minutes longer. Then a look of resolve settled over her pale face. "I will see Arthur myself, and appeal to his love, his generosity."

Ten minutes later she gently pushed open the library door, but the occupants did not perceive her.

"You say you have come to give me the mills and the estate. Very generous of you, indeed!" Arthur was saying, with cutting sarcasm. "Did you ever know a man to present another with a thing that really belonged to that other?" he asked, scornfully.

"Be careful, Arthur! I can't stand much more."

"You may have considerable more to stand yet!" the other retorted mercilessly. "The nerve of the thing! You, a child of dishonor, to try to usurp my rightful place! You, to dictate to me," he cried, "to me, my father's legitimate son. You prate about giving me your inheritance."

A black frown, borne of anger and humiliation, was settling over Mark's face.

"Have a care Arthur! We are both hot-tempered men, you know!"

"A deed of gift!" the other continued, relentlessly. "What right have you to expect that I will accept that from you? Take my own from the man who robbed me of it. To accept it as a gift, where the generosity of giving is yours, and the humiliation of receiving is mine!"

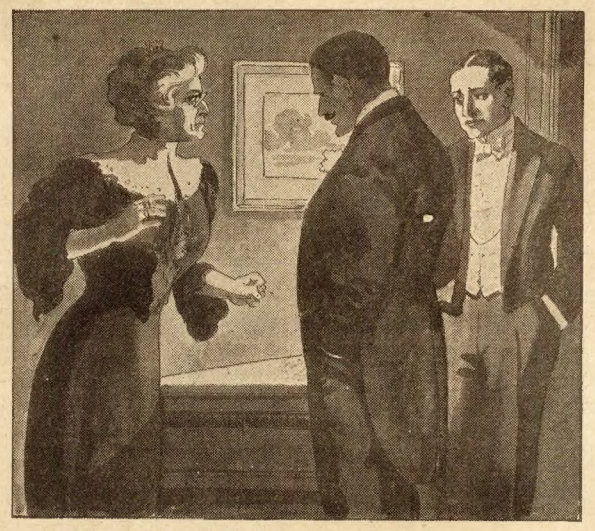
"What else could I do?" Mark cried, his voice sharp with pain. "I cannot say to the world, 'I am not my father's heir.' I did it to shield our mother's name."

"You mean to hide her shame and dishonor!" the other cried.

There was a half-stifled sob from the doorway, but the three men present did not notice it.

"Once for all, understand your true position—your legal position. You are your mother's illegitimate son, not my father's son, remember, but that of another——"

The sentence was never finished. Mark leaped to his feet and caught the other by the collar of the coat, and shook him as a cat would shake a mouse.



The two brothers turned to face their mother.

"God give me patience that I do not strike you dead!" he cried, great beads of agony standing on his brow.

CHAPTER VIII.

There was the rustle of a woman's skirts, and the two brothers turned to face their mother. She took Mark's hand gently in her own, and looked steadily into his dark, angry eyes. Her face was like marble, set and hard, but her eyes smiled at him reassuringly.

"I have heard all," she began. "You have no cause to blush for your birth, Mark. You are your father's legitimate son, born in lawful wedlock." Her voice sounded strained and unnatural.

Arthur gasped and looked anxious and uncomfortable. Mr. Blackburn coughed violently.

Mark Fanshaw's face cleared like magic.

"Arthur," Mrs. Fanshaw said, addressing her second son, "perhaps you will explain your terrible accusation against my honor and your brother's birth? Undutiful and unloving you have always been, but I did not think you would stoop to dishonor your mother's name." She spoke in a calm, emotionless voice.

Arthur Fanshaw's pale face flushed crimson, his eyes sought the floor.

"Here, Blackburn, produce those certificates, and see if I am telling anything but truth."

Lawyer Blackburn coughed and fidgeted uneasily, and at last produced the papers. He glanced over them hastily, then laid a marriage certificate upon the table. It was dated August 13, 1872, the contracting parties being Rose Thurlow and Allen Fanshaw. The next was a certificate of birth of Arthur, son of Rose and Allen Fanshaw, dated July 22, 1873.

"Pardon me, my dear Mrs. Fanshaw, for my share in this unhappy event, but for my client's interests I am compelled to perform this most unpleasant duty."

Arthur Fanshaw's evil face wore a sinister look.

"If Arthur was born in less than a year after your marriage, how can Mark, your eldest son, be a legitimate child?" the lawyer asked.

Arthur looked triumphant, Mark troubled, and Mrs. Fanshaw perplexed.

"Your dates are inaccurate, Mr. Blackburn," Mrs. Fanshaw replied, slowly, thoughtfully. "Mark, my son, take this key and go to my room. In the top drawer of the dresser you will find a white and gold box. Bring it to me."

No one spoke while waiting for Mark to bring the box, but Arthur Fanshaw and Lawyer Blackburn exchanged significant glances, in which were mingled doubt and expectancy.

Mark brought the box and gave it into his mother's hands. She laid it upon the table, and with a tiny key unlocked the box, and drew out some papers, yellow with age. The first two papers she folded and placed in the bosom of her gown. Then a marriage certificate was laid upon the table. It was dated August 13, 1870, the contracting parties being Rose Thurlow and Allen Fanshaw, both of the city of Quebec, Canada.

The next was a certificate of birth: "Mark, son of Rose and Allen Fanshaw, born September 12, 1871, at Quebec."

"I trust this is proof sufficient. Go to the registry at the church of St. John he Divine, Quebec, and you will find it here. Here, also, is the certificate of Arthur's birth: 'Arthur, son of Rose and Allen Fanshaw, born July 22, 1873, at Quebec."

"I trust, Arthur," she continued, "that your vile suspicions have been removed. Mark is your true brother, and your father's lawful son." She tried to lay one trembling hand upon his arm, but he pushed her roughly away.

"It's all part of the plot," he cried angrily. "I don't believe a word of it, and I give you my word, I shall not be cheated out of my inheritance. I shall not be content to remain a second son," and he laughed jeeringly. "Come, Blackburn, you have some other papers there. Produce them!"

Blackburn looked decidedly uncomfortable.

"Perhaps—er—some other time might be more suitable," he stammered.

"You're wrong there, Blackburn. There is an old axiom, that 'There is no time like the present.' Come, we are waiting," he said, impatiently.

Blackburn drew from an inner pocket two folded papers. The first was another certificate of marriage, and was dated at Halifax, Nova Scotia, June 20, 1867, the contracting parties being Rose Austin, and Robert Thurlow, both of Halifax.

Mrs. Fanshaw had grown faint and tottering during the reading of the certificate, but she struggled for calmness and strength.

"You would have made an admirable detective, Mr. Blackburn," she said, with the calmness of a heart that is burdened almost to despair. "You should have another link before your chain of evidence is complete. If it is missing, I can supply it for you."

"We have the other link, my dear Mrs. Fanshaw," the lawyer hastened to assure her. "Here it is: 'Mark, born to Rose and Robert Thurlow at Montreal, May 19, 1868.'"

There was a painful pause as the lawyer finished reading the certificate.

"Have you anything further?" Mrs. Fanshaw asked, turning to face her two accusers.

"Just another word, Mrs. Fanshaw. You are the Rose Austin who married Robert Thurlow?"

She nodded assent. "I thought you had sufficient proof of that already."

"And the child, Mark, born the following year, was your son?"

"Certainly," she answered, curtly.

"Just one more question. Did the late Mr. Fanshaw know of your former marriage, and is the child of that union living?"

"I will answer the first question for the benefit of my two sons. My late husband was aware of my former marriage. I kept no secrets from him. The second question can not concern you, and I decline to answer it."

"My dear madam, it is not idle curiosity that prompts the question I assure you. I—I——"

"I decline to answer the question, Mr. Blackburn," was the decisive reply.

"But my dear madam——"

In a moment Mark was at his mother's side, and had placed his arm around her protectingly.

"My mother has refused to answer that question, Mr. Blackburn. It would not be wise to annoy her further." His eyes had a wrathful, steely glitter.

With his arm around his mother's waist, he led her from the room and up the stairs to her own apartments. At the door he paused and kissed the cold, white face.

"You have lifted a load from my heart, mother, and given me back the joy of living!" he cried, the light of youth and happiness returning to his face.

"Mark, my dear son, I thank God for you! You are all I have," and she kissed him gently and closed the door.

As Mark and his mother left the library, the two plotters rose and faced each other.

"A pretty kettle of fish you have made of it!" Arthur Fanshaw cried bitterly.

"I am not to blame," the other retorted hotly. "The wrong dates were given me. But we are not through with this yet. There is that other Mark to account for."

"I wonder," began Arthur, then stopped, "but no, it couldn't be—yet it might."

"What are you coming at?" the lawyer asked.

"You have heard of the man in Lower Town who resembles Mark so strangely?"

"Yes; I have heard Rip, the peddler, speak of him," and a strange light darted into the lawyer's eyes. "It's just possible—it might be—yes; it might be," he said.

The two men conversed in low, hushed voices until far into the night. Then they separated, Mr. Blackburn going to his home in the village, and Arthur Fanshaw to bed in the home of the brother whose name he had tried to dishonor, of the mother whose head he had sought to bow down with sorrow and shame, whose fair name he would have trampled in the dust.

CHAPTER IX.

The following morning, as Grace Renton was returning from shopping in the village, she came suddenly upon Arthur Fanshaw. They were both going in the same direction, and walked together down the street.

"Did you go to the recital last night, Mr. Fanshaw?" Grace asked, for the sake of conversation, for she never seemed to have anything to say in his presence.

"No, I did not go. I heard you would not be there, so the recital lost all attraction for me," he replied.

The girl frowned.

"You are mistaken, Mr. Fanshaw, I was there. Mark was too busy to take me, so I went with mother."

The little head went up haughtily. How dare he speak to her like that!

"Too busy to take you!" he cried, in well-feigned surprise. "Mark was not busy at all. We spent the evening together at the Beeches. Mr. Blackburn was with us." He smiled grimly at the remembrance of the social evening.

"Mark has been working hard lately. He needs a quiet evening now and then," she answered sweetly. The poison had not taken root.

The man looked at her for a moment, and his stern face softened.

"You are the most trusting, unsuspecting girl I ever knew," he said, his voice growing soft and tender. But just then something whispered: "Have you forgotten Hope Fraser?" A frown of angry impatience gathered on his face, and he turned his head away.

"Why should I not be trusting? As for suspicion, there is a old saying, and a very true one, that 'You should never bid the devil good morning until you meet him.' I have never met him yet."

"Don't be so sure of that!" he answered. "You may have met him in the guise of a saint," and he smiled in a way that she could not understand.

"It will be time enough to suspect him when I recognize him. I hate suspicious people. They are always disagreeable."

"I will not be suspicious then, for I don't want you to hate me. I—I want you to love me!" he cried passionately.

"Mr. Fanshaw!" Grace cried, drawing herself up, "you have surely forgotten to whom you are speaking. You know that I am your brother's promised wife. I will believe that you did not mean it."

"Don't deceive yourself, Grace, I did mean it. You are not my brother's wedded wife yet. It is not too late to reconsider your decision."

The girl did not speak, but her face grew crimson. Encouraged by her silence, he continued:

"I have borne this as long as I can in silence. You don't know how I have hungered for your love, Grace, how I have longed to call you my own. My brother——"

"Mr. Fanshaw!" she cried sternly, "you must cease, I will not listen!"

"I can't!" he cried, with a sort of calm excitement. "I must tell you what is on my mind. I must speak."

She looked around for some avenue of escape, but there was none, and she did not care to attract unnecessary attention.

"My brother has had all the good things of life. He is the eldest son, and my father's heir. On him has been showered all the parental love and devotion, while I—but what does it matter, I am only the second son. I am a miserable man, Grace, a very miserable man, and you are the cause of my misery. Grace, do you know what it is to love without being loved? I will tell you. It is torture beyond the power of mortals to bear—misery beyond relief. In short, it is—hell."

He paused again. She did not speak, but quickened her pace. Her mother's house was only a few yards distant.

"I love you, Grace," he continued. "I love you better than life itself. I——"

"And your love is an insult!" she cried, sharply. "You have acted the traitor to your brother. You have outraged the relationship he bears you. Had I been your brother's wife, the insult, the outrage, would not have been greater. But I know you now for what you are, a mean, cowardly soul!" She had stepped inside the gate and closed it after her.

"For God's sake, cease!" he cried, "I don't forgive easily."

His face was white and quivering, his limbs trembling.

"You talk of love!" she cried. "You don't know what the word means."

"Beware!" he cried, his wrath at the boiling point.

"Beware yourself, Mr. Fanshaw! You dare to offer your love to me—a woman whose word is given to another. Go, Arthur Fanshaw and give your love to the one, who, of all women, has the best right to it." Her mother's door closed behind her, and the man was alone.

Arthur Fanshaw staggered weakly for an instant, his face white and rigid. A moment later he had regained his usual composure. He looked after the fair girlish creature who had plighted her word to his elder brother, and ground his teeth in rage.

"You'll suffer for this, my lady. The end is not yet!" he muttered, and went on.

A few evenings later, Mr. Blackburn and Arthur Fanshaw walked together in a secluded nook near the brook, not far from the cottage where Arthur Fanshaw had bidden Hope Fraser farewell.

"You have news of the fellow?" Fanshaw asked.

"Yes; I have seen and talked with him. The resemblance is marvelous."

"Do you think there is anything in our suspicions?"

"I am half inclined to think there may be."

"Ah! You have heard something then?"

"Nothing definite, however. But by putting things together I have come to the conclusion that we may be on the right track."

"Just so!" the other replied. "And the resemblance is very decided?" he asked, thoughtfully.

"Very decided indeed! In fact, he would pass for Mark anywhere. Of course you and I would know the difference, as would also your mother, and—and Miss Renton."

"Good!" Arthur Fanshaw cried, and his eyes shone with a fiendish glitter. "And his name?"

"Strange to say his name is Mark, also, Mark Heriot?"

"Holy Patrick! Fortune is favoring us surely!" Arthur Fanshaw cried.

"It would seem so, Mr. Fanshaw, it would seem so," the lawyer said and paused.

"Well, go on."

"This Mark Heriot was brought up by an old woman who keeps a rooming house in Ottawa, near the market."

"She is not his mother then?" the other asked eagerly.

"No, she adopted him when an infant from the orphanage on the Richmond road. That reminded me that Rose Thurlow's child had been placed in the same orphanage. I went there and made inquiries, and found that the name of the woman who adopted Rose Thurlow's child was Heriot. She was then living in Hintonburg, but soon after moved out West. Six years ago her husband died, and she moved back to Ottawa."

"Exactly!" Arthur Fanshaw observed slowly, as he paced restlessly up and down.

"Do you grasp the significance?" the lawyer asked. "Rose Thurlow's child was also called Mark, and was placed in the same home. The name of the woman who adopted Rose Thurlow's child was Heriot, and this woman's name is Heriot. The dates almost correspond with the dates already in our possession. Mark Heriot is your half-brother," the lawyer said slowly, convincingly.

"He does not know all this?"

"Never dreamed of such a thing."

"Good! I must see this Mark. I must be sure of the resemblance. Could you arrange to have him come down here, and keep low for a few days?"

"I don't think so. He is keeping shady. He is wanted for something or other. But for the old woman I would not have been able to have seen him."

They talked of the strange resemblance for some minutes longer. Then Blackburn said, as they walked slowly toward the Beeches:

"I saw your little friend, Hope Fraser."

A dark frown gathered on Arthur Fanshaw's face.

"I had almost forgotten the girl. I trust she is behaving sensibly?" There was deep irritation in his voice.

"The little thing is looking poorly. She is disappointed that you have not gone to see her."

"Suffering saints! I can't have her hanging about my neck forever."

"Certainly not! Yet it might be well for you to go and see the girl. She might return and make trouble. So long as she thinks you care for her, she will remain submissive and obedient. Later, her mind will be taken up with the child. It would not do for her to return just now, you know."

"Perhaps you are right, Blackburn. I may run down and see her. As you say, it would never do for her to return just now," he said, twirling his dark mustache thoughtfully.

"We might arrange that you could see Heriot at the same time," the lawyer observed.

"The very thing. We will go up some day next week."

"By the way," the lawyer began, "have you heard that Mark and Grace are to be married soon?"

"Yes; I have heard," and his face flushed dully, and a steely glint was in his eye. "Let them marry, Blackburn. They won't enjoy wedded bliss for long."

"Don't you think you are carrying your revenge a little too far? There may be danger in the course you are pursuing."

"What matter if there is? I have gone too far to turn back, now. I must keep on; there can be no turning back for me. I see your soul shrinks from the horror of it. You have found me an apt pupil, eh, Blackburn? I have progressed rapidly with the few lessons you gave me," and he broke into a laugh that had no mirth in it.

"It is horrible!" the lawyer cried, with a shudder. "It is too cruel, and so unmerited," and again he shuddered.

CHAPTER X.

"You dear little soul, you will really give up all the pomp and ceremony of a grand wedding without regret?" and Mark lovingly patted one soft white hand.

"I don't want a grand wedding, Mark. Marriage is too sacred to be made an occasion for pomp and show. We will have no curious guests to criticise the bride's veil and gown, and speculate what it represents in dollars and cents," Grace answered, her soft, tender eyes on his face.

"You are a sensible girl, Grace," Mark answered, as he kissed the pretty pink cheeks. "We will be just as happy as though the whole countryside was there to witness the ceremony."

"Much happier, Mark. The ceremony is for us alone. When two love as we do, Mark, they don't require a house full of people to make them happy. We will just have three or four old friends, that's all."

"Just think, Grace, only two days more, and you will belong to me forever."

"Yes," she answered, softly. "Until death do us part. I have often wondered, Mark, if we will disagree, and grow tired of each other, like some married folks I know."

"I hope not, dear. I pray God we never shall!" he cried solemnly. "But by the way, Grace, you did not tell me about the little unpleasantness you had with Arthur, this morning." His face had suddenly grown stern.

Grace's face flushed painfully.

"Who could have told you about that?" she cried in surprise.

"It was little Tim Jones. He read me quite a lecture, I assure you. He said if you were his girl, he wouldn't let another fellow talk to you like that," and he laughed.

"The dear little tot! But I didn't see him."

"He was playing in the street when you passed, it seems, and he didn't like the way Arthur was speaking, so he followed to see that you had fair play, I suppose. I want you to tell me all Arthur said to you, Grace. How dare he persecute you?"

"I can't tell you, Mark—in fact, I will not," she answered, as he began to expostulate. "Arthur is ashamed of it now—I know he is. Let it go," she pleaded.

Mark paced the floor for several minutes. Revenge and mercy were waging fierce war in his heart.

"Because you have asked for mercy for him, I shall grant it, but I have a feeling that it is a most unwise thing to do. He may carry his persecutions further. I am glad that I will soon have the right to protect you before the world," he said, taking his hat to go.

"Must you go so soon, Mark?"

"Yes, dearest, I have much to do yet, and remember, just two more days," and he kissed her fondly and was gone.

An hour later, Mark tapped lightly upon his mother's door and in obedience to her command, entered.

"Well, mother, it is all arranged. Grace and I will be quietly married on Wednesday."

"So soon, my son? Only two days."

"Yes; I think the sooner the better. Arthur's persecutions of Grace must then cease, or he must leave our home. She has no father, you know, and she needs a man's protection." And he told his mother of the insult offered Grace by his brother.

The mother sighed, and a troubled look settled over her pale face.

(Continued on page thirteen.)

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"That showed me something worth knowing and, when later on my little girl came, I raised her on Grape-Nuts and she is a strong, healthy baby and has been. You will see from the little photograph I send you what a strong, chubby youngster the boy is now, but he didn't look anything like that before we found this nourishing food. Grape-Nuts nourished him back to strength when he was so weak he couldn't keep any other food on his stomach." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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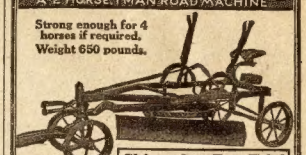

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IN OLD SLAVERY DAYS;

Or, THE OCTOROON'S REVENGE

By EMMA HOWARD WIGHT

"I want to hear you call me mother!"

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CHAPTER X.

THE RENDEZVOUS.

AT LENGTH the path ended in a sort of glen through which a stream rippled. Beside the stream stood a man, Tom Byrnes, the overseer at Compton Manor.

He came quickly forward, and the girl slipped from the horse's back into his arms. He held her close and kissed her passionately. She clung to him, abandoning herself to his embrace. He released her and led the horse to a tree to which he tied it.

"I'd begun to think you wasn't comin'," he said, as he returned to the girl.

"Am I late?" she asked, a little dreamily, seating herself upon the trunk of a fallen tree beside the stream.

He seated himself beside her, putting his arm about her waist. She dropped her head on his breast with a soft sigh.

"Do you love me, my girl?" he asked.

"You know that I do," she replied. "Do you think I would meet you in this way if I did not love you very much?"

"No, I don't think you would," Brynes replied, with a furtive smile of complacency.

He was thinking how easy it had been for him to make a conquest of the aristocratic planter's daughter. A few chance meetings on horseback, a look into the girl's passionate dark eyes which told him that he appealed to her, a pretext to engage her in conversation, and the rest followed. The daughter of Ernest Compton, in whose veins ran the bluest of blue blood, was madly in love with the overseer of Warren Ridgeley.

The fellow, himself, was incapable of real love. Coarse, ignorant and sensual, women appealed only to his baser nature. His feeling for Ernestine Compton was no deeper nor higher than his feeling for Arbutus, the slave. In fact, the latter was far more to his taste. But he had made up his mind to marry the heiress of Compton Manor.

"I know it isn't right for me to deceive my father," said Ernestine, ruefully.

Byrnes hastened to reassure her.

"Don't worry about it, darling," he whispered, kissing her.

His tender words, his caresses intoxicated her. The man, himself, wondered a little at her passionate abandonment, as he had wondered in the beginning that she had proved so easy. But he realized his power over the girl, and he intended to use it unscrupulously.

"We've been mighty happy this summer, dearie," he said, and then he heaved a great sigh.

She looked at him quickly.

"What is the matter?" she asked. "Why do you sigh and look so unhappy?"

"It won't be the same when the winter is here," he explained. "We won't be able to see each other then."

She turned pale.

"Oh, but I must see you, Tom," she declared, piteously. "I can't live without you."

The fellow's heart bounded with triumph.

"Then there's but one thing for us to do," he said. She looked at him inquiringly. "Get married."

She started.

"Get married?" she repeated.

He smiled.

"Yes, that's what I said."

A scared look came into the girl's eyes.

"My father would never consent. I wouldn't even dare tell him about you, Tom."

"There's no need to tell him—till after we're married."

"But suppose he refuses to forgive me?" murmured Ernestine.

"Oh, he'll forgive you," Brynes assured her. "You're his only child. Once you're really married, he'll have to make the best of it. But if he should find out now—and we are likely to be discovered any time—he'll separate us sure."

At the mere thought of such a calamity, Ernestine succumbed utterly and completely.

"I can't live without you, dear," she whispered, clinging to him. "Tell me what you wish me to do, and I will do it."

CHAPTER XI.

"YOU ARE FREE."

That same afternoon, Warren Ridgeley called Arbutus into the library. He handed her a folded paper.

"Your freedom papers," he explained, as she looked at him questioningly.

She drew a long, quivering breath.

"I—I am free?" she murmured.

"Yes," he replied, "you are free."

She looked at him and tried to speak, but she could not. The tears were falling down her cheeks, as she stood with the papers clasped to her breast.

"Free," she whispered, at length, her sweet voice thrilled with an intense rapture.

She was so beautiful, there was such exquisite grace, such pathos in her pose, that Warren Ridgeley gazed upon her thrilled to the soul. Then an unspeakable yearning, an overwhelming tenderness swept over him, mastering him.

"Arbutus," he whispered, holding out his arms to her.

He saw her eyes grow soft, her bosom heave, her cheeks flush from pale pink to vivid carmine. She moved a little toward him, his arms closed about her, his lips pressed hers.

"Arbutus," he whispered, after a moment, his lips against her hair, "you are my child. I am your father, and I love you. You knew that I was your father, did you not?"

"Yes, I knew it," she replied. She paused a moment, and then added, a little shyly, "I suppose that is why I care for you so much. I tried not to, but I could not help it."

"Why did you try not to care for me?" he asked.

She gently withdrew herself from his arms, as she replied:

"I am also the daughter of Olata. I am afraid that you have forgotten—that."

"No, I have not forgotten it," he said, quietly. "But it makes no difference. I have grown to love you better than anything else in all the world. I want you. We will go away where no one knows. You shall be my child, my darling, my delight. My life has been so lonely, so desolate, so barren of love. You shall be my recompense. Arbutus, you love me, do you not?"

"Yes, I love you," she replied.

"Call me—father."

She shrank from him suddenly, with a look of pain in her eyes, as she remembered the cruel words of Olata: "Nigger gals, with white skins, ain't got no fathers."

"I—I have no right to call you father," she murmured. "I, the daughter of Olata. I who have——" she paused, her head drooping on her breast, a flush of shame dyeing her cheeks.

"Don't say that," he cried, with a gesture of intolerable pain, for he guessed the words that faltered on her lips.

"Arbutus! Arbutus!" It was the voice of Mrs. Decatur in the hall outside.

Instinctively Arbutus turned to obey the call. A passionate sense of revolt awoke in the man. He stopped her with peremptory gesture.

"Tell her that you no longer have to obey, that you are free," he said.

She shook her head with a faint, sad smile.

"I cannot tell her that," she replied, gently. "She has been so good to me. The services she has no longer the right to exact. I give gladly, freely, gratefully. They are all I have to give in return for all that she has done for me. I would rather remain a slave than prove—ungrateful."

The next moment she had passed from the room and he was alone.

CHAPTER XII.

"I'D NEVER HAVE FORGIVEN."

There had been an unseen witness to the meeting of the lovers in the pine grove. Olata had followed Tom Byrnes, when he started for the rendezvous, and hidden behind a clump of bushes had seen and overheard all that passed between them. Lying motionless in the long grass, the octoroon had heard the lovers plan to meet on a certain day, go to a village fifteen miles distant, and be married. She gritted her teeth and clenched her hands as she listened to the overseer's plan and the girl's ready acquiescence.

They parted with a passionate embrace, the girl mounting her horse and riding slowly away, the man turning in the opposite direction with an exultant smile on his coarse, handsome face, passing close to the spot where the octoroon lay.

She leaped to her feet and looked after him with a dangerous light in her eyes.

"So that's yo' game," she murmured. "But you shan't bring sorrow and suffering to her. 'Tain't fo' love that you wants to marry her. Things like you don't know what love is. It's Compton Manor that you is aftah, with its broad acres and its hundreds of slaves. You reckons on bein' mastah thar some day, but I knows the proud heart of Ernest Compton, and he'd cast her out if she married you. Thar shan't be no marriage."

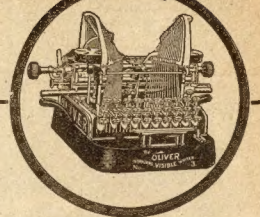
She stood for a moment in thought, then turned and moved swiftly in the direction of Compton Manor.

Ernest Compton, returning from a walk along the river, found himself suddenly face to face with Olata, the octoroon. He thought she was on her way to the house, and would have passed her, but she stopped him.

"Please may I speak to you, Mist' Compton?" she said, and then she told him all that she had overheard in the pine grove.

"Yo' pa wants to see you in de lib'ry, honey," said Aunt Sabina, coming into the room where Ernestine stood before the mirror, twisting a bright red ribbon in her dark hair. There was a radiant look in the girl's eyes, a dreamy smile on her deeply crimson lips. "You looks pooty as a picter, honey," Aunt Sabina exclaimed, as Ernestine turned from the mirror.

Ernestine laughed softly as she threw her arms around the old darky and



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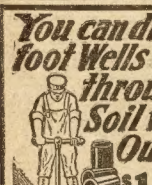

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hugged her. Aunt Sabina never saw her look again as she looked then.

"Bress de chile!" she exclaimed, a little breathlessly, as Ernestine released her and ran out of the room.

With the snatch of a love song on her lips, Ernestine ran lightly down the stairs and into the library. Upon the threshold she paused. Her father was standing in the center of the room, facing the door. His face was pale and very stern. She had never seen him look that way before, and her heart beat a little quicker with a sudden fear.

"Papa, Aunt Sabina said that you wished to see me," she said, a little falteringly.

"Yes," he replied, more gravely than she had ever heard him speak. She moved a little nearer to him. "I have been told that you meet in secret Tom Byrnes, the overseer at Compton Manor," Ernestine started. "Is this true?"

She did not immediately reply. The look on his face frightened, cowed her. She realized how utterly mistaken her lover had been in fancying that Ernest Compton would pardon her marriage.

"I am waiting for your answer," Ernest Compton said, after a moment.

"Yes, it is true," she admitted.

A spasm of pain passed over his face. "And you, my daughter, could so degrade yourself?" he exclaimed.

"I—I love him," she murmured.

"You love him?" he exclaimed, incredulously. "You love that coarse, common, illiterate fellow? It seems incredible. And, yet, he has evidently acquired great influence over you to induce you to meet him in secret."

He turned from her and walked once or twice up and down the room. Ernestine watched him helplessly. At length he paused and again addressed her.

"Is it true also that you have consented to a secret marriage with this man?"

She looked at him with something like terror in her eyes.

"Who—who told you?" she faltered.

A smile of bitter contempt passed over his lips.

"It matters not who told me since that person spoke the truth. And you would have married that low fellow?"

A hot flush of anger rose to her cheeks.

"You shan't speak of him in that way," she cried, furiously.

"Hush!" he said, so sternly, that her anger, violent and uncontrolled as it had been, died. Some feeling within her, that was neither love nor filial duty, made her submissive, frightened, cowering. "You have deceived me, and I shall never trust you again," continued Ernest Compton. "I shall render it impossible for you to see this fellow again."

She burst into passionate weeping.

"Papa, have pity upon me," she cried, wildly. "I love him. I cannot live without him." She threw herself on her knees at his feet. "You won't be so cruel as to separate us, papa? You won't break my heart?"

He lifted her from the floor and placed her in a chair. Her tears, her abandonment of woe had no power to move or soften him. She had offended against the strongest attribute of his nature—his pride. She sobbed desperately for a little while, and he stood waiting quietly until she grew calmer.

"I loved your mother with the one love of my life," he said. "She died in giving you life. You are my only child and very dear to me. But my pride and the honor of my name are dearer than anything else in all the world. I would rather see my daughter in her coffin than the wife of such a man as Tom Byrnes. If you had married him, as you had planned, I would never have forgiven you. From that moment you would have been dead to me. I would never willingly have looked upon your face again."

She sat looking up at him wonderingly. There was nothing in her own nature that responded to his implacable pride. She was utterly incapable of understanding it. It was a revelation to her. She realized that she had never understood him. She felt a sullen resentment against him. She wondered what steps he would take to separate her from her lover. He did not leave her long in doubt.

"Change of scene, the society of cultured men, will no doubt cure you of your amazing infatuation," he said.

"You are going to take me away?" she half whispered.

"Yes," he replied. "I shall instruct Aunt Sabina to have your trunks packed in readiness to start the day after to-morrow. In the meanwhile it will not be wise for you to attempt to communicate with Byrnes. If he tries to approach you, I will have him horse-whipped. Now, you had better go to your room and compose yourself."

He went to the door and opened it for her to pass out. She went by him with sullenly averted head. He sighed bitterly as he closed the door. The girl was proving a revelation to him.

Ernestine went to her room and threw herself on her bed with a wild burst of sobs. Aunt Sabina, coming into the room a moment after, stopped in amazement at the sight of her.

"Fo' de land's sake, honey, what am de mattah wid you?" she exclaimed going up to the bed.

(Continued on page thirteen.)

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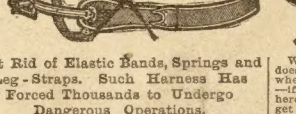

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"'Just wait around on the platform a few seconds,' he said, 'and I'll come through and help you arrange your luggage.'

"'You can't go through,' said a guileless New York friend. 'If you have anything more to say, you'd better say it now.'

"'That's all right,' said the Chicago man. 'I'll be there.'

"Two minutes later he dashed up brandishing a baby's milk bottle in the face of the astonished gatekeeper.

"'For heaven's sake, let me go through!' he said. 'I put this in my pocket at the last minute, and my wife has gone off and forgotten it. The baby will starve to death if she doesn't get it!'

"The guileless New Yorker, who lacked sufficient wit to see his own wife and three children off, gasped in sheer envy, while the childless Chicago man, using a milk bottle as a harmless weapon, fought his way through to the platform."

Behind Prison Walls.

Not long ago a story drifted down from Sing Sing about one of the colony of local bankers now doing time. The banker had a caller, who had been of service during the trial. The caller had then learned to regard the jugged financial with an affection which was not reciprocated.

"I want to see Mr. Banker," said the caller to a keeper.

"Write your name on a card and I'll take it in," said the keeper.

"And what do you think," said the caller to a friend, on his return to the city. "That keeper brought my card back to me. 'Sorry, sir,' said he, 'but Mr. Banker isn't at home today.'"

A complementary yarn is the one now told of "P. K." Connaughton, who for years has been principal keeper at Sing Sing. The other day Connaughton, told a prisoner to drop a bag of onions he was carrying at the door, and come into the keeper's office to be questioned about some recent offense. The prisoner stood the cross-examination well. When the prisoner and "P. K." came out, the bag was there, but the onions had disappeared. "By thunder," said "P. K.", there's a thief in this place!"

Case of Economy.

Mrs. Johnson, the wife of the new minister in a New England town, asked a neighboring farmer's boy to bring her a dozen eggs and a roasting chicken when he brought the vegetables the next day. The boy appeared promptly, but in his basket were only eleven eggs. "Ma says she will send over the other egg after a while," he explained.

"But what about the chicken?" Mrs. Johnson asked. "That does not seem to be here either."

"She will send that, too," was the answer.

"But," complained Mrs. Johnson, "I want to cook the chicken for dinner. Why didn't you bring it over with you this time?"

"Because," replied the boy, "the hen isn't killed yet. You see, ma's waitin' till she lays the other egg."

A Qualification.

Rastus was honest and industrious, but in the opinion of the new minister unsociable.

"Neighborliness, my dear friend," said the dominie, "is brotherliness. Do you take the trouble to see much of your neighbors?"

"Ah reckon ah sees as much of them as dey sees of me," Rastus replied.

"Perhaps," said the clergyman, "but do you love your neighbor as yourself?"

"Ah reckon ah does, pahson," Rastus replied, "but you know, suh, I ain't p'ticlarly stuck on mahself neither."

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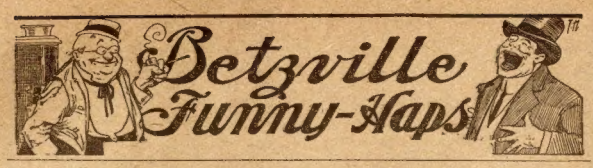


BIFFLE AND THE GHOST

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

[Copyright by W. G. Chapman.]

For a good many years Artabanus Biffle, who lives on the Hill road just west of Betzville, was troubled by the ghost of his great-grandfather. He often told Uncle Ashdod Clute that he would not have minded the old gray ghost so much if it had been an ordinary well-behaved ghost, but, as he expressed it, the blamed old shade was too nosey for any use. No matter what Artabanus or his wife started to do, the old smoke-colored shade would float up, with his eyes like an owl, and stand a while "rubbering"—that is the word Artabanus used—and then he would begin telling them how much better he could do whatever they were doing, when he was alive. You can imagine that it made Artabanus mad if, just as he had squeezed eighteen joints of close-fitting stovepipe together, and was standing on top of a chair on top of a table, and balancing on one toe, with the stovepipe held at arm's length above his head, and the left eye full of soot, the old misty gentleman would float up and begin to say he wished he had that stovepipe to put up. Often, on such occasions, Artabanus would speak crossly to the ghost, and then the eighteen joints of stovepipe would separate and fall on the floor, and the ghost of Artabanus' grandfather would go over in the corner and snicker.

Probably there was never such a disagreeable old ghost in this county, and when Artabanus made up his mind to sell the place and move into town, he saw he would have to get rid of great-grandfather, and do it quick. Nobody would buy the house with the old codger ghosting around, from cellar to attic, and Mrs. Biffle said she would not move at all if she had to take the old skeezicks with her. So Artabanus was puzzled. You can't put a charge of giant powder under a ghost and blow it up for a ghost won't stay in one place long enough; it will float gracefully off elsewhere, and if it did happen to sit down on the powder just as it went off, the ghost would consider that merely a mild form of exercise.

Then the eighteen joints of stovepipe would separate and fall.

Artabanus thought it over for about a week, and could not see head nor tail to the difficulty, and then he consulted Uncle Ashdod Clute, and Uncle Ashdod sat down on the horseblock in front of Aunt Rhinocelura Betz's house, and thought deeply for three days, and then said he had the answer. He said the thing to do was to boil the ghost of Great-grandfather Biffle. He explained that the reason the ghost could float around through the air was because the ghost was just a little less dense than the air, and that it resembled steam in that. So if the ghost was boiled well it would expand and become less dense, and when the lid was taken off the boiler, great-grandfather would float up into the upper atmosphere and strike a cross-current of air. Uncle Ashdod said he did not know what would become of him then. Maybe he would blow around for ages, and maybe he would strike a cold current and condense, and fall in the form of hail of snow. Anyway Artabanus Biffle would be rid of him. So they tried it.

Great-grandfather Biffle expanded well enough. When they got him into the wash boiler and tied the lid on and started the fire under it, he swelled and swelled, and at 8:30 p. m. the boiler exploded with a roar, for it could not contain the ghost any longer. The ghost poured out of the boiler for hours like steam. Great clouds of him poured out, and when he was all out he was ten times bigger than the house, but although his head and shoulders waved in the upper air, his feet were firmly planted in Artabanus Biffle's property. And the first thing the ghost did was to lean down and tell Artabanus and Uncle Ashdod that if he was going to get rid of a ghost, he wouldn't go about it in that way. Then he snickered.

That sort of discouraged Artabanus, but it set Uncle Ashdod thinking, and he saw he had gone at the matter in the wrong way. It stood to reason that if you could expand a ghost you could also contract it, and that if expanding would not do the job, contracting ought to. So he had Artabanus send to the city for a Tripler Liquid Air machine. If you freeze air sufficiently it will turn into a liquid forty-seven times as cold as ice. So when the machine arrived they set it going, and after it was running well and producing a temperature of about 1,000 degrees below zero, Great-grandfather Biffle came nosing around to see what was up, and they suddenly pushed him into the machine. In an instant he was liquid ghost. He condensed into a dull gray liquid of about the consistency of castor oil—about half a teaspoonful. Artabanus immediately ran and got an empty whisky bottle and poured Great-grandfather Biffle into it, and corked him up, and called it "Poison. Great-grandfather Biffle." The next week he moved into town, and for two years the bottle sat on a shelf of Artabanus' medicine closet as calm and cool as a cucumber, and all was well.

But last Wednesday, at about four in the morning, Artabanus awoke with a severe colic, and he made a dash for the medicine closet to take a swig of whisky, and in the dark he got a-hold of the bottle of Great-grandfather Biffle, and pulled out the cork and swallowed the contents before he knew his mistake. It only shows that people cannot be too careful about swallowing the ghosts of their great-grandfathers, for Artabanus immediately fell on the floor, yelling with pain. As soon as the liquid ghost went down it began to expand, and by the time Mrs. Biffle reached her husband he was so full of expanded great-grandfather that he looked more like a balloon than a human being. Mrs. Biffle ran screaming for a doctor, and that was what saved her life, for just as she reached the corner, Artabanus exploded and blew the whole front of the house out. After hunting for three days, not enough of him has been found to decide whether he is dead or not, but the general opinion is that he is as dead as a doornail.

The odd thing is that the ghost of Great-grandfather Biffle also disappeared. The supposition is that after being in such a confined space so long the old rascal is at length willing to go to that hot place where he belongs, to warm up a little.

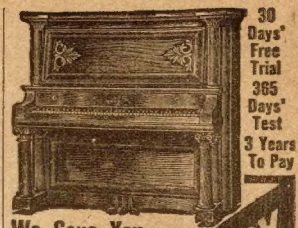
Be sure to read next week's Funny-Hap. It is called "Quat and Bedilla."

Prayerful Children.

It was the little son of Winfield Cook, formerly of Auburn, who ended his prayer: "If I should die before I wake, there'll be a hot time in the old town tonight!"

The small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Goss, of South Lewiston, had been wishing and sighing for a ride for a long time. Finally the promised opportunity came. The little miss was tucked up in her robes, and all was ready for the start, when she suddenly bowed her head and folded her hands under her chin. "Oh, God," she said, "don't let it rain, or don't let the wind blow today, for I want to take this ride. Amen." Then to her father she said: "All right, papa, you can go along now. I've given God his orders!"

A certain chubby four-year-old has also been started up in the way he should go. One day he visited some relations by the name of Jo es. He was not treated just as his highness considered fitting, and he resented it for a time. But when prayer time came he relented enough to frame this petition, which he tacked onto the end of the second prayer: "Please, God, bless papa and mamma, and grandpa and grandma, and even the Joneses!"



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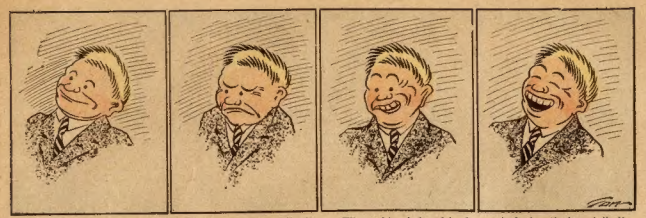


The first time he hears the funny story. When some one tells it at the club. When his lady friend springs it. And when the boss tells it at the office next morning.

Its Baggage.

"What's that long, snaky thing he swings around in front of him?" she wanted to know.

"That his trunk," explained her father.

"Then, I s'pose that little one behind him is his suit case."

Little Margaret was watching the elephant at the zoo.

It Often Happens.

"Now that you are famous, Mr. Rimer, we propose to place a tablet on your former home in this city."

"Well?"

"What would you wish us to say?"

"You might say that I was evicted for nonpayment of rent," replied the somewhat embittered poet.

Getting Impatient.

Spinkers—Really, Mr. Spudds, I'm very sorry, but I can't pay that bill today.

Spudds—This is about the twentieth time I've called with this bill. I'd like to know what your prospects are, anyway.

"Oh, they are bright, very bright. You know, I have a rich old uncle."

"I've heard so."

"I'm his heir."

"So they say."

"It's true, too. He's coming to see us next week."

"All right. Here's ten cents to buy rat poison."

Grace—Who are those women on the magazine covers?

Marjorie—I think they're the wives of the men you see on cigar box lids.

High Cost of Living.

"Gee!" said the man with the shabby coat. "Eggs 60 cents a dozen! What do you think of that?"

"What have you got to kick about?" said the man with the fur-lined overcoat. "Some orchids are $50 apiece!"

Love in a Cheap Flat.

Mother—If you marry Mr. Poorchapp, you will have to commence very humbly.

Daughter—Yes, I know; but we shall be, oh! so happy. The rooms he has selected are right over an ice-cream saloon.

After Twelve.

She—And would you really put yourself out for my sake?

He—Indeed, I would!

She—Then do it, please. I'm awfully sleepy.

And that One Hers.

Mr. Sappleigh (with magazine)—Here's a writer who says we have two brains. I wonder if it is so?

Miss Keen—Well, between you and me, Mr. Sappleigh, I think we have only one.

Her Idea of Married Men.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—This paper says that among every 1,000 bachelors there are thirty-eight criminals, on an average. Among married men the ratio is eighteen per 1,000.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Where do you suppose they get those figures?

"Oh, from the prisons, I suppose."

"I thought so. If all the married men were put where they belong, the figures would be very different."

A Careless Maid.

"I've lost the baby!" shrieks the nursemaid.

"Heavens! Why don't you hurry out and speak to a policeman?"

"It's no use, mum. That's what I was doin' when I lost the baby!"

She—Flee!

He—You mean fly, don't you?

She—Never mind what insect I mean. Just run. Pa's coming.

GOOD MEASURE.

The Kid—Say, mister did you buy him by the yard?

Hard Fact.

She—Can't I sit down while you put my skates on?

He—What's the use? You'll sit down a lot after you get them on.

It's an Ill Wind.

Officer's Servant (waiting at his master's dinner party for the first time, to the principal guest)—Soup, sir, and I've blown in it already.

An Important Question.

Absent-minded Professor—I see I've got my hat on. Now, I wonder if I was going out or coming in?

Exactly!

A kind old gentleman, seeing a very small boy carrying a lot of magazines, was moved to pity.

"Don't all those magazines make you tired, my boy?"

"Nope," the mite cheerfully replied. "I can't read."

A Prompt Test.

He—My darling, I would go through fire for you.

She (moodily)—I guess you'll have to, dear. I hear pa coming downstairs.

For Luck.

"'Ow did 'e come to get run over, Bill?"

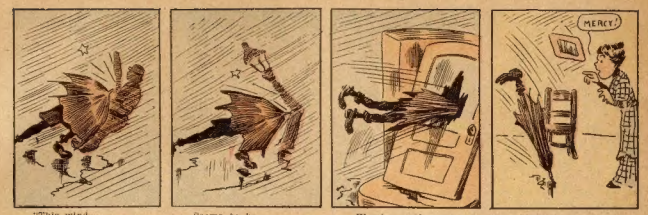
"'E was pickin' up a 'orseshoe for luck."

Unnecessary.

"Did you tell old Joe I was a bloomin' liar?"

"No; I thought 'e knew it."

A SPRING WIND.



"This wind—— Seems to be—— Blowing rather—— Fierce!"

His Limit.

"I love you!" he cried, throwing all restraint to the winds.

"Do you really and truly love me?" she answered, still unyielding.

"I swear I do!"

"How much?"

"How do I know how much? With all my heart and soul and strength and mind and——"

"Wait. Couldn't you love me any more?"

"Dearest, if I loved you any more I don't think I could stand it."

"Why not?"

"I might want to marry you."

Some Sanity Left.

"Your honor," said the attorney, "this man's insanity takes the form of a belief that every one wants to rob him. He won't allow even me, his counsel, to approach him."

"Maybe he's not crazy, after all," murmured the court in a judicial whisper.

Our Decadent Days.

"In Chapter I. he shoots at her five times. Ain't that grand?"

"Yes; but them novels are misleading, Mayme. There ain't no earnest love like that in real life."

Young Man—I learned all my dancing by mail.

Young Lady—You do waltz very post like.

A Dignified Patron.

Small Dealer (gently)—I see you have transferred your trade to my rival across the street.

Mr. Highhead (with dignity)—Yes, sir, I have.

Dealer (more gently)—May I ask, sir, what I have done to deserve this?

Mr. Highhead (with added dignity)—You sent in your bill.

A Bad Bargain.

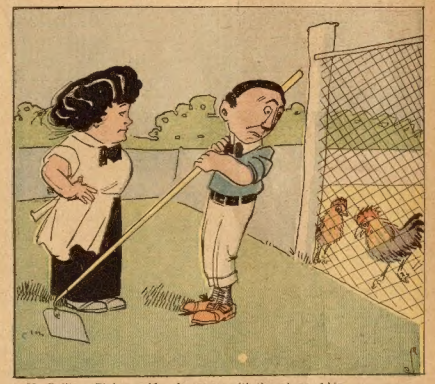
Eleanor (aged five)—How much did you pay for the baby, mother?

Mother—I don't know; he isn't paid for yet.

Eleanor—Do you think it will be more than three dollars?

Mother—I think so.

Eleanor—Well, I certainly think you got stuck on that baby.



Mr. Railton—Bigley could make money with those hens of his.

Mrs Railton—How?

Mr. Railton—From the way they uprooted Binks' garden I think they could dig the Panama Canal.

A Thought of Vengeance.

"How are you getting on with your wife?" asked one London policeman.

"Not very well," replied the other. "Sometimes I wish she'd join the militant suffragettes and let me catch her in one of these street demonstrations."

Her View.

The Brother—She's got lovable eyes, kissable lips, a huggable shape, and holdable hands.

His Sister—Yes, and she's got removable hair, adjustable hips, colorable brows, and a transferable complexion.—Puck.

Labor Saver.

"Mother, wouldn't it be just the same if Willie and me said our prayers into the phonograph an' turned it on every night?"

Labor Question.

Lady of the House—You say you work! At what?

Hobo—At intervals.

AN EXPENSIVE OVERCOAT.

"Pretty stylish overcoat, this, and cost only $20."

"For pity's sake! A new overcoat, and a hat like that?" (Hat, $3. Total, $23.)

"Excuse me, but your costume is too up-to-date for such an old-fashioned beard!" (Razor, $5. Total, $28.)

"Very stylish—but only for an auto—only for an auto!" (Auto, $1,500. Total, $1,525.)

"Fine! Handsome outfit! You have a cottage at the seashore, I suppose?" (Summer cottage, $20,000. Total, $21,525.)

Bankrupt. "This old overcoat is very good yet. That ulster was too expensive!"

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The Moonshiners.

(Continued from page two.)

"I am content to wait, father," said Margaret, quietly.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"No man ought to ask a woman to wait until her youth has passed and life has lost its zest," declared Doctor Glover. "It's hard on Wynne to have to pay the debts his father left."

"It's only honest and honorable for him to do so," said Margaret, quietly. "We both know that we cannot marry until the debts are paid. He has paid some of them, but not all. He expects to be free in about two years."

Doctor Glover shook his head, as he turned away. Jasper Wynne and his daughter had already been engaged for eight years. Margaret sat for a moment thoughtfully, then she arose and summoned the colored maid to clear off the table.

"Land sakes, Miss Marg'et, heah come Mist' Jasper Wynne!" the girl exclaimed, happening to glance through one of the windows.

Margaret glanced quickly out of the window, a flush on her fair skin. She passed out into the hall as Jasper Wynne entered. His face lighted at the sight of her.

"Margaret," he murmured, with unspeakable tenderness, folding her in his arms and kissing her. "My love! my love!"

Margaret drew herself gently from his arms. She was not a demonstrative woman. She turned and led the way into the living-room on the right of the hall.

"I was not expecting you today, Jasper," she said. "Father and I were just wondering when you would be back. I hope you had success?"

A slight quiver passed over his lips, his eyes sought the ground

"Yes, I had success," he replied.

She looked at him as she sat down.

"How pale and worn you look, Jasper!" she exclaimed, with concern. "You have worn yourself out laboring among those mountaineers. I suppose you found it a difficult task." He glanced at her a little questioningly as he seated himself near her. "Father says the most of them are moonshiners," she explained. "Did you succeed in making them see the error of their ways?"

"I—do not know," he replied, with some hesitation. "They were most of them very regular in attending the meetings. But never mind the mountaineers, Margaret. Tell me," leaning a little toward her, "did you miss me?"

"Yes, I missed you very much, Jasper," she replied. "I did not enjoy Mr. Gregory's sermons as much as I do yours."

He smiled rather wistfully.

"You are speaking only of the minister, dear," he said. "Did you miss the man you love?"

She smiled.

"Yes, Jasper," she replied, very simply. "There was not a day, not an hour, that I did not want you, dearest, and long for you," he exclaimed, passionately. "I love you so, Margaret. I do not believe you even guess how much I love you."

"I have never tried to guess," she said, half smiling. "I suppose I have simply taken your love for granted. As you know, I do not believe much in what is usually termed 'love-making.'"

He arose suddenly, walked to the window, stood looking out, then returned and stood beside her.

"Margaret," he said, "I shall very soon be in a position to pay off the last of my father's debts." She glanced up at him quickly. His words were a surprise to her. He went on without offering any explanation. "The only obstacle to our marriage is now removed. When will you marry me, Margaret?"

She did not at once reply. He stood beside her, waiting. She looked up at him.

"I will marry you whenever you wish," she said.

* * * * * *

James Corts, accompanied by two other revenue officers, was riding swiftly up the mountainside a few days later.

"It would take a posse of detectives to arrest this fellow Galt," said Anderson, one of the officers, "if we were not taking him by surprise."

"A posse might not succeed in taking him, if the mountaineers were on," declared Corts. "There'd be the whole clan to reckon with. If Galt were in hiding it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find him. But fortunately he has no suspicion that we are after him, so there'll be no trouble in nabbing him."

"That was a clever idea of yours, Corts, to get the preacher to play detective," spoke up the third revenue officer whose name was Smith. "How did you ever come to think of it?"

"I met him on the train and we got into conversation," replied Corts. "He mentioned that he was going to hold a 'bush-meeting' in the mountains. It flashed upon me at once what opportunities he would have for finding out all the Government wanted to know, said as much to him in a half-joking way, for I didn't know how he might take the suggestion if he thought I was serious. "I told him that I was a revenue officer and that a reward of five hundred dollars was offered by the Government for any information that would lead to the arrest of the moonshiners. To my surprise, he took me up on it instanter."

"They say every man has his price," remarked Anderson, with a laugh

"Well, the preacher's wasn't a very heavy one," said Smith.

"For some reason or other five hundred dollars meant a lot to him," said Corts, thoughtfully. "More, I am inclined to believe, than many times that amount would mean to another man." He paused, then added, rather gravely, "I hope they'll never find out who furnished the information which led to Galt's arrest."

"If they do, the Rev. Jasper Wynne is as good as dead now," declared Anderson, with conviction.

"You're right," said Corts. "It's to be hoped the mountaineers will keep right on guessing as to how we got on. Wynne felt pretty badly over the part he had played, I could see that. But there was some powerful incentive. I'd be sorry if the moonshiners were to cut short his career."

They rode on in silence for a time, and soon they came in sight of John Galt's house, a substantial frame building, with stables and out-buildings. There was an appearance of prosperity about the place.

"John Galt makes a good thing out of his moonshining," remarked Corts, grimly, as they rode up to the front gate.

The continuation of this remarkable story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 a year, and we have stories awaiting publication that you cannot afford to miss.

* * *

Beaumont's Capture.

(Continued from page four.)

man had revived she stepped back and leveled the pistol at his head. "Some one will come soon," she said.

"Yes," breathed the other's lips. "Thank you for the water."

When Sanborn's special rolled up to the station they found her standing there, swaying a little, but holding the pistol level. President Sanborn himself caught her as she fell.

The 484 came trundling down to Placer a few minutes later. Rounding a sharp curve on a steep grade, the draw-bar of the old 100 had pulled out. The sudden wrench had broken the chain and the ancient tub had fled down the mountains. The cavaliers on the tank had quickly abandoned her, but the ex plosion of the engine—there we encountered a mystery. Old Addicks, "M. M.," and physician of locomotives, offered the most plausible explanation. The throttle of the hoary antique, he said, had jarred loose. Running backward then, the pistons had pumped air into her boiler, compressing it until probably two hundred pounds to the square inch. Unable to release the air through her safety-valve rapidly enough, the old relic had finally been rent in twain. We at first fancied that the amazing Mr. Beaumont had somehow blown the engine up, but he refused to add this trifle to his exploits; besides, such a feat on his part had been quite impossible.

As for Tommy Loomis—he surely grew a foot in stature during the following week. Burke himself kissed Ruth when she came over to Paley Fork, and Senator Loomis—well, he said a number of things that turned the girl rosy; among these he stated, with agreeable positiveness and his arm about her, that she must come to Denver with Tommy when he took his new position, that Mrs. Loomis and he would anxiously look for her. They were not disappointed.

Of course the five thousand dollars reward for the capture of the bandit was given Ruth. She did a fine thing with the money, too; she helped her father develop his mine at Placer. Ultimately the mine turned out famously, affecting very happily the fortunes of Tommy and Ruth's father, the two men whose happiness lay nearest her heart.

This story is from the pen of the author of two books of railroad stories that we heartily recommend to Ledger readers. One of the books is "The Diamond Key, and the Railroad Heroes Who Won It." The other book is "Young Heroes of Wire and Rail." These books recount many thrilling and extraordinary acts of heroism by telegraph operators and train dispatchers and engineers and conductors. If you like to read exciting railroad stories you ought to send for both of these splendid books. They are beautifully bound and nicely illustrated, and each book contains nearly 400 pages of matter that will make you sit up and take notice. If you wish to make a birthday present to any one, or would like yourself to be wonderfully entertained, you should send for one or both of these books. "Young Heroes of Wire and Rail" is $1.00. "The Diamond Key, and the Railroad Heroes Who Won It," is $1.00. Address Lee & Shepard, Publishers, 93 Federal street, Boston, Mass.

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The Second Son's Plot.

(Continued from page six.)

"You will have to forgive your brother much, Mark, for his is a strange nature—a peculiar mixture of good and evil."

"Good!" Mark cried bitterly. "Has he one noble trait, one honorable thought!" and his face darkened.

"You are too hard on him, Mark. You make no allowance for his peculiar disposition. He is not all bad."

"Perhaps you are right, mother, but it is hard to bear with him always."

"Bear with him a little longer, my son, for my sake. When you marry, he will surely not remain."

"We will hope not, after what has happened."

For a moment mother and son were silent, then the former observed:

"I have a confession to make my son, I may not have a better opportunity than the present."

Mark looked uncomfortable when his mother spoke of a "confession," but remained silent.

"My dear Mark," she began, in a painfully strained voice, "have you no curiosity about the other Mark, born to Rose and Robert Thurlow in Montreal, in the year 1868?"

"No, mother, I have not. I have faith enough in my mother to know that if it is right for me to know, she will tell me in her own good time."

For a moment Mrs. Fanshaw was completely overcome, for the subject had revived painful memories. After a few moments, she grew calmer and continued:

"Somewhere in this wide world you have a half brother, also called Mark. Your father and I decided it was better not to speak of that sad event in my life to our children. When only seventeen, I eloped with a man called Thurlow. No one knew anything about him, but he pleased my girlish fancy. For a year we lived happily, and a child was born. Then, one morning, he was gone, but a letter was left to tell me that he had grown weary of me. He said our marriage was only a farce, but I have since proved that to be untrue. Our marriage was legal in every particular."

"The scoundrel!" Mark cried, the hot blood surging over cheek and brow.

"I can't tell you what agonies I endured for the next few weeks, but it preyed on my mind to such an extent that I tried to drown myself and child in the river near the Sapphires Bridge."

"My poor mother!" Mark cried, compassionately.

"But the child and I were both rescued by an officer," the mother went on; "thus I was saved from the worst crime that God's creatures can commit—that of murder and self-destruction."

"And the child?" asked Mark "Did it die?"

"I don't know. I sometimes hope it did. After my attempted suicide, I was deemed a dangerous person, and was placed in an asylum, and the child in an orphanage. After six months I was discharged, and at once went to seek my child. Oh, Mark! I suffered the agonies of the lost then! My child was gone! It had been adopted by a couple living in Hintonburg. I went to the address given, with a faint hope of regaining my child, but the people were gone, and no one seemed to know where. That was the last I heard of the child Mark; but a few months later the father was killed in a street car accident in Montreal. I read of the accident in the papers, and from the descriptions given of a ring worn by the dead man, I felt sure it was my husband."

"You have had much trouble, mother," Mark said, gently.

"Yes, my son, I have had much trouble, but I have also had many joys. Your father was always tender and considerate, and you, Mark, are a son of whom any mother might be proud."

"Thank you, mother," he said, and reverently kissed the white brow. "I fear it is little comfort I have been able to bring to you, but for that little I am thankful. When Grace comes, we must try to make up to you for the past."

But Mrs. Fanshaw shook her head sadly, and told her beads, for she was a devout Catholic.

"I shall not be with you long, Mark. But always remember, that if he is still living, you have a half brother somewhere in the world. If ever you meet him, for my sake treat him kindly, for his lot in life may have been very, very hard." Her voice grew husky, and great sobs shook her.

"You need have no uneasiness on that point, mother. I shall try to find my half brother, and my home shall be his home, if he will have it so. But why do you say you will soon leave me?" he asked.

"Yes, my son, I shall soon leave you. I shall soon bid farewell to a world that has caused me much trouble."

"No, no, mother; you shall not. You will live and be happy for many years yet," he said, resolutely, thinking that delicate health had given her morbid thoughts of death.

Mrs. Fanshaw shook her head.

"I shall leave you, dearest," she repeated, and went on telling her beads.

"Tut, mother! You have grown fanciful," he laughed.

She smiled feebly, and repeated: "I shall soon leave you, dearest."

They talked for some time longer, and when he rose to go the full moon was shining into the room casting a silvery sheen over everything. The wind had risen, and the boughs of a tree tapped gently against the glass.

"I shall be off to the mills early in the morning, for I have a busy day before me; but I will try to get home early. Cheer up, mother, and rejoice with me! We will all be happy yet! Good-by."

She clung to him and wept.

"Good-by," he repeated, and tried to place her gently in a chair.

But she clung to him as though she was to see him no more.

"Good-by," she sobbed, and her arms dropped empty to her side, and her face was like the face of the dead.

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* * *

Almost a Proposal.

Mr. Goodcatch—Can I light a cigar?

Miss Wideawake—Do you wish me to regard you as a match?

* * *

In Old Slavery Days

(Continued from page eight.)

"Papa has been dreadfully cruel to me, and I hate him!" sobbed Ernestine.

"What you talkin' 'bout, young missy?" cried Aunt Sabina, sternly. "De massa, him nebber cruel to nobody, much less his own flesh and blood. And you ought to be 'shamed ob yo'self to 'low dat you hates him."

Ernestine sat up and poured out the whole story to the old darky.

"Now, you see that he is cruel," she concluded.

"I don't see nuffin ob de kind," declared Aunt Sabina. "De massa am puffectly right. I'se s'prised, I sholy is s'prised at yo' takin' up wid dat po' white trash oberseer. And de 'surance ob dat man beats all. You might a-knowed yo' pa nebber gwine to let you disgrace yo'se'f marryin' Mist' Warren Ridgeley's oberseer. De massa done tole me to pack yo' trunks dat he gwine to take you 'way, but I nebber s'picioned what war wrong. I thought dat de massa look bery sad and worried lak. And no wonder."

"He can take me away if he wishes, but he can't make me forget Tom," declared the girl. "And some day I shall marry him in spite of all."

"Listen to me, honey," said Aunt Sabina, softly. "When yo' po' mammy died, it was a long time befo' yo' pa could b'ar de sight ob you. I tole de massa dat you gwine to be his comfo't, and, arter while, he 'gun to lub you, and he warn't so so' 'bout de mistis. And now you gwine to break his heart. I ain't seed de massa look so sad and sorful sence yo' po' mammy died. Go to him, honey, and tell him you gwine to stop thinkin' 'bout dat oberseer man."

"If I told him anything like that it wouldn't be true," said Ernestine. "I couldn't forget Tom, even if I tried. I love him better than anything in all the world." She threw her arms about the old darky's neck. "Mammy, dear, I want you to do something for me. Will you?"

"I ain't gwine to make no promise till I knows what you wants me to do," replied Aunt Sabina, cautiously.

"I want you to take a note to Tom for me," whispered Ernestine.

"No, young missy, I kyant do nuffin' lak dat," said Aunt Sabina, firmly.

Ernestine pushed her away and flung herself back on the bed.

"Go away! I hate you!" she cried. "You're cruel, just like papa."

"You'se jest 'side yo'se'f 'ca'se you kyant hab yo' own way, chile, dat's what you is," declared Aunt Sabina. "Dat oberseer man mus' hab put a spell on you, sho'."

CHAPTER XIII.

"I AM YOUR MOTHER."

On the following afternoon Ernestine sat on a rustic bench on the terrace overlooking the river, where she could see the bridge across from the Ridgeley Hall plantation. The girl was greatly changed. Her eyes were heavy and dull and swollen from weeping; her brilliant coloring was faded, and her skin looked dark and blotched, the lips heavy and colorless. The masses of her black hair seemed too heavy for her drooping head.

For hours she had been sitting watching the bridge, in the hope of receiving a note or a message from Tom Byrnes. She knew that he must be aware of her departure on the following day, but he had made no sign. Surely he would find some way of communicating with her before her departure, she told herself, despairingly.

Suddenly she sat up, her heart beating wildly, as the figure of a woman appeared on the bridge. It was Olata, the octoroon. A mad hope thrilled Ernestine that she was bringing a message from Tom Byrnes. She started to her feet and ran down the hill to meet her. There was something in the face of the octoroon that caused Ernestine to guess

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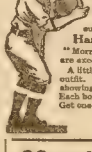

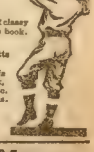

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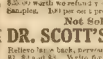

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instinctively she was seeking her. They met as Olata stepped off the bridge.

"Have you come to me from—him?" asked Ernestine, eagerly.

Olata shook her head, her eyes resting sadly upon the girl's changed face.

"No," she replied, "I do not come from him."

The hope faded out of the girl's eyes. She drew back, her lips quivering. The disappointment was bitter and overwhelming. The revulsion of feeling turned her sick and faint for the moment.

Olata drew a little nearer to her.

"The light am gone from yo' eyes," she said, gently, sadly, "the color from yo' cheek, the smile from yo' lips, all the joy from yo' heart, young missy. You're breakin' yo' heart 'bout Tom Byrnes, the overseer."

Ernestine was too wretched to wonder how Olata came by her knowledge or to resent what she said.

"I thought that he had sent me a note or a message by you," she murmured. "He must know that my father is going to take me away tomorrow, and I don't know when he will return. It may be a long time," and her voice quivered.

The octoroon suddenly threw herself on the ground at the girl's feet

"I can't bear it! I can't bear it!" she cried, a great yearning and tenderness on her uplifted face. "I've had the love and the longin' in my heart all these yeahs, but they've got too strong for me at last." She caught Ernestine's hands, as she stood looking down upon her in astonishment, and pressed them convulsively to her breast. "I wants to see yo' eyes look at me tender, I wants to feel yo' arms about my neck. I wants to hear you call me—mother."

Ernestine shrank from her affrighted-ly struggling to release her hands.

"You must be mad!" she cried.

"No, I am not mad," said the octoroon, quietly. She released the girl and arose. "You don't believe me when I say that I am your mother," she continued. "You think I am mad. Listen!" The girl began to tremble. There was something in the octoroon's manner of speaking that brought a sickening fear to her heart. It was impossible to believe her mad. "You war only a few days old," Olata went on, "when Mist' Ernest Compton's child war bo'n." While she was speaking Ernest Compton had approached unobserved. Her words rooted him to the spot and he stood listening. Olata went on to relate to the shuddering, white-faced girl how she had exchanged the babies. When she had finished, Ernestine stood gazing at her as though she had been turned to stone.

"Don't look at me like that," cried the octoroon, frightened at the look on the girl's face. "Nobody'll ever know but just you and me. I love you too much to do anything to harm you."

"Woman! Fiend! It is no longer in your power to continue your diabolical imposition!" exclaimed Ernest Compton, coming forward.

The octoroon stared at him, her pale yellow skin grown ghastly. With a cry of anguish, Ernestine sprang forward and threw herself on her knees at his feet.

"Papa, papa, it isn't true!" she cried, wildly. "Oh, tell me it is not true!"

Shrinkingly he stood looking down upon her upturned face. It was a piteous face, anguished, appealing. But Ernest Compton was conscious of but one thing in that changed face, a resemblance to the octoroon, Olata.

"She has spoken the truth," he said. A look of intense repulsion passed over his face. "The truth is written in your face."

With a low moan the girl sank in a heap upon the ground. He turned from her to Olata.

"Where is my child?" he asked, sternly.

But she paid no heed to him She had thrown herself on her knees beside Ernestine.

The truth suddenly flashed upon Ernest Compton. Arbutus! The slave girl with the fair lovely face! No, not a slave, but his own child, the child of the beautiful wife he had adored. With a look of great joy on his face, he sprang toward the bridge and started in the direction of Ridgeley Hall.

In the meanwhile Olata was trying to lift Ernestine to her breast, but the girl repulsed her with aversion.

"Don't touch me!" she cried. "I hate you! Oh, how I hate you!"

The octoroon quivered from head to foot as though each word were the sting of a lash.

"Don't, don't talk to me like that!" she pleaded. "I would die fo' you. I never meant for any one to know."

The girl sprang to her feet and looked about her like a hunted animal.

"Where shall I go? Where shall I hide myself?" she cried.

Olata arose, holding out her arms.

"Come with me," she pleaded.

Ernestine burst into a wild laugh.

"With you?" she cried. "To the slave quarters? No, I prefer death to that."

She turned and dashed toward the river. Olata sprang after her with a wild cry, then stopped. Tom Byrnes, the overseer, was approaching along the road, and, as soon as she saw him, the girl stopped and stood waiting.

The overseer had just learned of the girl's intended departure, and was on his way to Compton Manor in the hope of seeing her. He was under the impression that her father must have discovered all. He had not come by the bridge, but had forded the river on horseback further up and had left his horse tied to a tree. At the sight of Ernestine he breathed a sigh of relief. He had feared that it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to obtain an interview with her. As he drew near to her he was shocked at the change in her, but almost immediately ascribed it to her grief at being separated from him and the failure of their plan.

"This is luck, finding you here," he said, as he came up to her. "I was wondering how I would manage to see you." Olata had drawn nearer, but he did not notice her. "I've just found out that your father is going to take you away tomorrow. Does he know about us?"

The girl stood gazing at him strangely before she spoke. Then she moved nearer to him.

"Kiss me, Tom," she said.

He took her in his arms and kissed her. She clung to him for a moment, then gently released herself.

"I've something to tell you," she said. "I am not the daughter of Ernest Compton." He stared in amazement. "I am the daughter of—Olata."

"Have you gone crazy?" he exclaimed. "If you're a nigger and a slave, why have you been brought up as Ernest Compton's daughter?"

A pitying cry broke from the girl's lips. She gave him one look of anguished reproach, which, hardened and cruel as he was, haunted him the rest of his life. Then she sprang by him and leaped into the river. As the water closed over the girl's head, Olata sprang after her. As the girl rose to the surface, she caught her, then they both went down together, the swift current caught them, and they rose no more.

The next day the bodies were washed ashore three miles down the river. The girl was clasped tightly in the arms of the octoroon, the dead face pressed against her breast.

* * * *

A month later, Arbutus came into the drawingroom at Compton Manor where Warren Ridgeley awaited her.

"Do you want to see father?" she asked, a little shyly, as he came forward to meet her. "He has gone for a ride."

"No, I wish to see you," he replied. Her eyes fell under his impassioned gaze, the lovely color on her cheek deepened. He came close to her. His face had paled, but his eyes were shining and radiant. "I love you!" he whispered. "I loved you from the first moment I saw you standing on the threshold of Ridgeley Hall. Will you be my wife, Arbutus? Will you crown my life with joy unspeakable—change earth into Heaven?"

She looked at him a little wonderingly. "Is it really in my power to make you as happy as—that?" she asked, softly.

"Yes," he replied. "You can compensate me for eighteen years of loneliness, of unrest." He held out his arms with unspeakable longing. "Child, darling, you cannot guess how I want you. Come to me."

"I love you!" she whispered, as he folded her in his arms.

The End.

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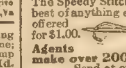

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MY New Census Business Guide, fastest selling book on earth. Agents making $10.00 daily. Outfit free. Prof. Nichols, Dept. B L., Naperville, Ill.

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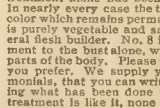
For fifteen years we have been giving ladies and gentlemen better figures and better health. To prove to YOU without any ifs or and's that you can surely have an enviable figure with full firm bust, well rounded neck and shoulders and perfectly developed limbs, no matter how thin you now are, we will send a generous trial treatment absolutely free. In somecases the trial treatment alone has been all that was needed. In nearly every case the trial alone gives better color which remains permanent. The treatment is purely vegetable and safe. No. 1 is the general flesh builder. No. 3 is for giving development to the bust alone, without enlarging other parts of the body. Please write which treatment you prefer. We supply you a thousand testimonials, that you can write to if desired, showing what has been done for them. No other treatment is like it, none as good. Send in the coupon below and get your free trial in plain wrapper by return mail.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Cut this out now. This coupon entitles the sender to one full trial treatment of Dr. Whitney's Flesh Builder, provided it is the first trial sender has received. C. L. Jones Co. 99 E Friend Bldg., Elmira, N. Y.



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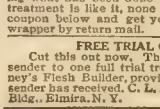

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Given absolutely FREE for selling only 24 of our beautiful Mexican Drawnwork handkerchiefs at only 10c each. Your premium will gladly buy several each. No money required. We trust you.
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48 HOT AIR CARDS—Lots of Fun—10c. GEORGE ROCKWELL, OGDEN PARK, CHICAGO.

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

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500 Dearborn Avenue.

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COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS.

A sinecure is a cure for many ills.

A stitch at 9 may prevent a rip at 10.

It's a snort street that has no puddles.

Everybody's friend is nobody's confidant

Love would last longer if it really were blind.

A beautiful woman needs no letter of introduction.

Why is it that a reformer seldom begins on himself?

Some men work hard trying to accomplish useless things.

The man who argues with his wife is one kind of an idiot.

If a man has sense his dollars will take care of themselves.

All the world loves a lover. The world likes to be amused

The man who is looking for trouble seldom has to go away from home to find it

Many a man is willing to pocket his pride if by so doing he can pocket your money.

The average man doesn't think he is having a good time unless he makes a fool of himself.

There may be plenty of happiness in sight, but distance doesn't lend enchantment to the view.

Nothing ever surprises a newly married man after he gets used to seeing his wife take off her hair.

A single man is seldom as good as his sweetheart thinks he is, or a married man as bad as his wife suspects he is.

Only a married man can fully appreciate heaven if there are no wash days or house cleaning seasons there.

Sometimes a man fails to accomplish anything worth while because he is too busy criticising some other fellow's work.

According to the latest statistics there are 7,243,693,513 things a woman can find for her husband to do around the house while he is resting.

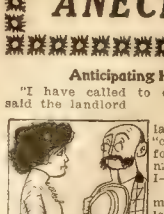
A woman who worked the leap year privilege four years ago says it is much easier to get attached to a husband than it is to get detached from one.

It's no easy task for a leap year girl to pick out a first-class husband. About the best she can hope for is a chance to pick over what remains on the bargain counter.

ANECDOTES OF PEOPLE

Anticipating Her Bluff.

"I have called to collect the rent," said the landlord



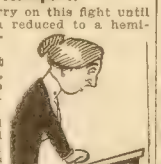
"Yes," replied the lady of the house, "come in. Now, before I give you the money this month, I——"

"Just a minute, madam," said the landlord. "I can save your time for you, I know the parlor isn't fit for a pig to live in, the dining-room wall paper is a shock to people of refinement, the kitchen walls are a disgrace, and the back porch is a menace to life and limb. I'm also aware that you won't stay here another month unless the barber-shop wall paper in the back bedroom is changed to something in a delicate pink, and I'm next to the fact that you're ashamed to have people look at such gas fixtures as I have provided. This spring I'm going to paint the front and back porches and let it go at that."

"Thank you very much," said the lady meekly. "You have saved me a lot of trouble. That's all we really expected to have done, but I was afraid that I should have to make the same old bluff to get that much out of you"

Man as a Hemipode.

"Shall we not carry on this fight until we have mere man reduced to a hemipode?" said the suffragette orator.



"We shall. But what is a hemipode, anyway?" spoke up one of the assemblage

"The black-necked hemipode is a bird about the size of a sparrow that lives in Madagascar. A friend out there sent me a pair of them. The male hemipode alone sits on the nest of eggs and hatches the young and takes care of them until grown up," the orator explained.

"Wouldn't that be lovely?" exclaimed one of the audience.

"There are birds down in South America called groove-billed aris. They build a large communal nest of sticks, and several females sit on the eggs in company, so that their conversation need not stop because of hatching. I'd like to have a vote as to which is the more popular," said a daring man near the door.

But he didn't wait for a vote.

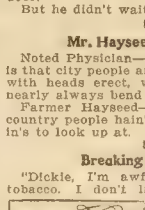
Mr. Hayseed's Theory.

Noted Physician—Do you know why it is that city people are straight, and walk with heads erect, while country people nearly always bend over?

Farmer Hayseed—I s'pose it's 'cause country people hain't got any tall buildin's to look up at.

Breaking It Gently.

"Dickie, I'm awfully sorry you use tobacco. I don't like it, and mamma simply loathes it. Will you stop when we are married?"



"Isn't that asking a lot, dearie?" asked Dick.

"I wouldn't care for myself," answered the girl, "but you know it makes mamma deathly sick."

"Well, then," he promised cheerfully, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll never smoke when your mamma is with us"

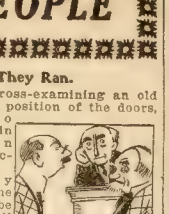
She threw her arms around him. "Darling," she murmured, "that's so good of you! I was afraid you'd insist on smoking once in a while, after we were married."

Ad Writing.

Many people have an idea that they can not tell their wants in a few words. They have something to sell or exchange, or want to buy something, but think an ad would have to be large to express the want. Any Ledger reader who wishes to advertise may write to the Classified Ad Department, telling what they wish to advertise, and we will write an ad for them, using the smallest possible number of words, probably half what they would use. We will submit the ad to them. This service is free, whether you advertise or not. Just address Classified Ad Dept., Chicago Ledger, 500 Dearborn Ave., Chicago.

How They Ran.

A lawyer was cross-examining an old German about the position of the doors, windows and so forth in a house in which a certain transaction occurred



"And now, my good man," said the lawyer, "will you be good enough to tell the Court how the stairs ran in the house?"

The German, for a moment, looked dazed and unsettled. "How do the stairs run?" he queried.

"Yes, how do the stairs run?"

"Vell," continued the witness, after a moment's thought, "ven I om oopstairs dey run down, and ven I am downstairs dey run oop."

Phrase Illustrated.

Ragged Rogers—Hear about Dusty? He picked up a quarter, got roarin' drunk an' the judge sent him up for ninety days

Frayed Phillip—Gee! Dat's what you might call trouble from an unexpected quarter.

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WANTED Railway Mail Clerks, Rural and City Carriers, Postoffice Clerks. Thousands needed. Examinations soon. Trial Lesson Free. Write Clement, K. St. Louis.

WANTED—Active man in each locality. To join this Society. And introduce our Memberships. Sick, accident, death benefits All or spare time. Make $5 to $500 a month. Write. Box LH-293, Covington, Ky.

BOYS, start a business in your own neighborhood that will provide you with spending money every week; work in spare time after school; will not interfere with school duties; learn salesmanship. We will send you everything necessary to start this business, absolutely free. Send your name, age and address on a post card to The Christian Herald, Sales Department C, New York.

BIG profits—Open a dyeing and cleaning establishment, little capital needed. We teach by mail. Booklet free. Ben-Vonde System, Dept. 2-A, Charlotte, N. C.

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LADIES can make shields at home; $10 per 100; work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped addressed envelope. Eureka Co., Dept. 17, Kalamazoo, Michigan

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FRUIT LANDS—Beautiful Kootenay Valley, B. C., 88 acres, subdivided into 2 4-acre tracts, 11 of 5-acres and one of 25 acres. The 25-acre tract is improved, has dwelling, stable, ice-house, etc. All for a limited time at the low price of $6,000. Adjoining land held at $200 per acre. Will cost you nothing to write and investigate. Owner forced to realize thereon. ¼ cash, balance easy terms. Only six hours from Spokane, Wash. Pure water, ideal climate and very low taxes. Address D. B. Dulmage, Morgan Park, Illinois

IDEAL Stock Farm; 500 acres; high class improvements; near Indianapolis; good markets; no waste land; water everywhere. Corn 85 to 100 bushels to acre. $120 per acre. Bargain price; act quickly. Oran Perry, 825 Law Building, Indianapolis

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GENTLEMEN like our Pictures, Books, Etc 30 samples 10c. Ord Co., Long Beach, Calif.

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BOYS-GIRLS—Send name and address. Win solid gold ring free. Box 776, Omaha, Neb.

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DOUBLE your monthly savings at McCurtain, Okla. Wonderful opportunity. A coming big city now booming. A postal will bring information free. Sans Bois L. & Development Company.

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HEIRS Wanted at once. 50,000 estates seeking claimants. You may be one. Facts in booklet BL. Send 2c stamp. International Claim Agency, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WANT ADS

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AGENTS sell Titanic Disaster! Big illustrated book of Survivors' Stories, etc. Only $1.00; agents' profit 50c. Hustlers make $10 daily. Send 10c pay postage on outfit. American Book and Bible House, Phila.

FREE—"Investing For Profit" Magazine. Send me your name and I will mail you this magazine absolutely free. Before you invest a dollar anywhere get this magazine—it is worth $10 a copy to any man who intends to invest $5 or more per month. Tells you how $1,000 can grow to $25,000—how to judge different classes of investments, the real earning power of your money. This magazine six months free, if you write today. M. L. Barber, Publisher, 453, 38 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

BIG profits in Fluff, solid shampoo, and Toilet Goods. Every woman buys and repeats. Commissions on re-orders. Sample free. Itsco., 1849 Orchard, Chicago.

MAKE Photos Cheap. Free camera, supplies, developing catalogs. Rex Bromide Co., Lincoln Park Station, Chicago.

AGENTS—$35 a week for two hours work a day, selling wonderful household necessity, new selling plan with free advertising does it. Colletje Mfg. Co., Box 72, Amsterdam, N. Y

$2.50 per day paid man or woman. In each town to distribute free circulars and take orders for concentrating glass in tubes. J. S. Ziegler Co., 441 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago.

PORTRAITS—Photo pillow tops, photo china plates, frames, sheet pictures, etc., at prices below the lowest and guaranteed. Rejects credited. Promise shipments; 30 days' credit, catalogue and samples free. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Drawer A, Chicago.

SCRUB Brush, Floor Mop, Self Wringer, all in one. Three pounds; ten sales a day common. Tried and proven. Hilker Mop Co., 1237 Grand Ave., Chicago.

ARE you an agent? You can sell to your customers our extracts, spices, toilet articles and household necessities. Add 140 labor products to your line. Takes no more time—makes more money. Valuable premiums to your customers. Big profits for you. Free sample case and catalogue. Linro Company, 130 Linro Bldg., St. Louis, Missouri

REPRESENTATIVES everywhere—Can make easy money listing names and property. Success assured. Don't miss this opportunity. Send dime for contract and particulars. "National Exchange," Box 72, Waterloo, Iowa.

BOY Scouts earn money and Scout Equipment in spare time after school and on Saturdays. Easy work. Costs nothing to start. Send your name and address on a postal to Christian Herald, Sales Department D, New York

DESTRUCTION of the steamship Titanic. Greatest marine disaster in history. 1,600 souls to watery graves. Full account of the appalling accident told by survivors. Striking the iceberg. Summoning aid by wireless. Picking up the lifeboats and bringing home the rescued. Harrowing scenes on the sinking ship. Heroism of passengers, officers and crew. Only authoritative book. Magnificent photographs and artists' drawings. Over 300 pages. Price only $1.00. 50 per cent commission. Complete outfit, ten cents. Write to-day. Geo. G. Clows Co., 534 S. Eighth St., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. B

AGENTS—Did you ever hear of any one selling popular 25c sheet music at 5c? You can do it and make 300 per cent. Four samples and prospectus 10c. Chicago Book & Music Co., 535 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

AGENTS—To sell our wonderful skin and scalp soap. If you mean business, send 10c for sample. Hoffinger & Roth, St. Louis, Mo.

$10 STARTS you in AUTOMOBILE BUSINESS selling all makes standard 1912 cars at big discounts. Also complete line tires and accessories. 200 page accessory catalog. We pay advertising, furnish forms. Testimonials satisfied purchasers all parts country. Exclusive territory. The Union Motor Sales Co., 4127-CPA, Dayton, Ohio.

PERFECTION Pocket Adding Machine. Lightning seller. Agents wanted. Cincinnati Specialty Mfg. Co., Dept. M, Cincinnati, Ohio

AGENTS—Big money distributing free pkgs. Borax-ee Soap Powder. B. W. Ward & Co., 1770 Berteau, Chicago.

MUSICAL

WELL-KNOWN Composer Wants Song-Poems, at once. Chance for successful writers to make a fortune! All poems not available will be returned promptly. The Len Fleming Co., Suite 504 Gaiety Theater Bldg., New York City.

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Montezuma's Treasure;

Or, Two Boys in Mexico

By Captain Jack Judson

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CHAPTER I.

THE GREAT LOOT.

"WELL, lads, if you're determined to go and feel a Mexican lance, the sooner, perhaps, the better."

"Oh, it won't be that bad, Uncle Jonas," was the laughing reply. "I fancy Dick and I have good legs, if it comes to running, and we've picked up enough Spanish from you to make our way in Mexico."

Old Jonas Peabody chuckled as he refilled his pipe, the bowl of which was an imitation of an Aztec idol.

"You've got the lingo pretty well, boys, I'll admit that. But just now you must recollect that the United States and Mexico are at war, and if you fall into the hands of Santa Anna's cutthroats your Spanish won't save you."

"We'll take the risks," answered Dick Donovan with a twinkle in his blue eyes, as he glanced at his cousin Bernard. "As we've already told you, Uncle Thornton is a captain of troops going out to join General Scott at Vera Cruz, and he has promised to take us along."

Old Jonas, one half of whose life had been spent in adventure, knocked the ashes from his pipe on the edge of the table and laid it alongside of an odd little tobacco box.

"But Captain Donavan, I fancy," said he, "knows but little of Mexican character."

"He spent three months in Mexico," corrected Dick.

"Yes, and do you know why he went down among the greasers?"

"Not exactly," answered Bernard.

"I'll tell you," and the old man leaned forward with the air of one possessed of some secret knowledge. "He was looking for Montezuma's treasure."

The boys started slightly.

"He never told us about it," said Dick, "though he has often recounted his travels in Mexico."

A smile crossed the old adventurer's face.

"Of course he never mentioned his foolish quest," he said. "Captain Donavan thinks he was lucky enough to get home with his head on his shoulders without telling all his adventures. You've never heard of Montezuma's treasure?"

"Never," replied both boys in unison.

"I'll make my story short," continued Old Jonas. "Years ago I fell upon the story of that wonderful treasure which I firmly believe exists at this day. Cortez, the Spanish conqueror, searched for it in vain, and it is said that this was the great secret which Montezuma never surrendered. The cruel Spaniards could not wrench it from him though they tried to do so by torture. The Aztec emperor guarded that secret with his life, and died with it unrevealed. I cannot tell you how many men have searched for it, and I have been one of the treasure fools."

"You, Uncle Jonas—"

"I, Jonas Peabody," was the answer. "At one time I thought I was about to put my hands on it, but I failed. It is to this day guarded in a manner that is dark and dangerous, for don't you know, boys, that if is said that some Aztec priests still live who see to it that no white man ever finds that wonderful loot? Here is the only thing I have that reminds me of my foolish hunt," and Old Jonas opened a drawer in the table and drew forth an old pocketbook. He took therefrom a bit of dried parchment with which he leaned toward his listeners.

"I will not tell you where I got this," he went on. "It fell into my hands in a strange manner at Puebla, and it may be that after General Scott captures Vera Cruz he may march across the country to this old Mexican city. This parchment is supposed to be the key to the hiding-place of Montezuma's treasure, which is said to be hidden underneath the ruins of the great palace in the City of Mexico. You will see that the lines on this bit of parchment are confusing, but there was, or is, in Puebla a woman who holds the secret."

"Then if we find her," exclaimed Dick, "we will be on the right trail?"

The old man shook his head.

"Find old Tecuza and your troubles begin," said he. "Mine did."

"But how did you get hold of the parchment?"

"Stole it," answered Old Jonas, with a grim smile. "I don't think it was very wrong to take a thing like this when it reveals the greatest treasure in the world. Not far from Puebla is the old pyramid of Cholula. It has a thousand secrets and one hidden entrance. I got inside at the risk of my life and fortunately out with a whole skin. Captain Donavan did the same, as I happen to know, but he didn't get the parchment. It's yours, boys, and if you go to Mexico I wish you good luck."

"And if we find Montezuma's treasure we'll divide with you, Uncle Jonas!" laughed Bernard.

"Oh, there's enough for three," grimaced the old man. "Think of it, lads, gold and jewels of all kinds, hidden for hundreds of years by the great Aztec."

"How much is the treasure worth, think you?" queried Dick.

"Millions!" was the reply. "When do you expect to start?"

"Captain Donavan thinks he will get away by the last of the week. He says we will find Scott before Vera Cruz."

"Old Winfield is a fighter, boys. He gave the British a good drubbing at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, and he'll finish the war in Mexico. But look out for three people down there. Watch for old Tecuza, General Arista and Colonel Machete. They have no more mercy on Americans than a lot of red Indians. I can't give you more advice, but you must keep your eyes open, for if you do not, there will be no boys to come back with the army. I wish I could go along, but my rheumatism keeps me at home."

Ten minutes later Dick and Bernard had bidden old Jonas good-by and were hurrying homeward. Dick carried the old parchment safely stored away in his bosom, and Bernard was ever on the watch.

"It will be a great hunt," said the latter, when they found themselves in their room. "I don't think we shall have trouble finding old Tecuza, but we must look out for number one."

A heavy footfall sounded on their ears, and the next moment the door opened and a soldierly man stood before them.

"Welcome, Uncle Thornton!" cried Dick at sight of him. "Take a chair yonder."

"No, boys. I just dropped in to say that you are to go with us to Mexico. I've made all arrangements and the Vulture sails day after tomorrow."

"We'll be ready," was Bernard's reply. And then, with a covert glance at Dick, he resumed:

"We expect to see many strange things down there."

"And not a little danger, as I have warned you, boys."

"Oh, that always goes with war," laughed Dick. "They say there is much hidden treasure in the land of the Montezumas."

Captain Donavan started and toyed with his military mustache.

"I dare say there is," he answered slowly.

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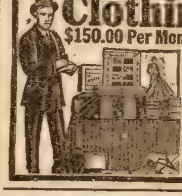

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"I have heard, Uncle Thornton, that Montezuma himself buried a great treasure to keep it out of Cortez's hands."

"Who tells you that?" brusquely exclaimed the soldier.

"Oh," answered Dick evasively, "common rumor perhaps."

"Well, I trust you boys won't neglect your duties to follow a fairy tale," and then the Captain became suddenly serious. "Boys," he resumed, "I have had the treasure bee in my bonnet. I too have heard of Montezuma's treasure, but I've gotten over that foolishness."

"To your sorrow?" mischievously ventured Bernard.

"Yes. Look here, boys."

Captain Donavan opened the front of his shirt and bared his breast.

The young cousins leaned forward and saw a scar just above the gallant soldier's heart.

"Did you get that in Mexico, Uncle Thornton?" they exclaimed.

"Yes, lads. I was extremely lucky to get no more than that. The blow was aimed well enough, but fortune interfered. I was fool enough to believe that I might unearth Montezuma's treasure."

"Tell us about it," cried the young adventurers.

"No," was the stern reply. "I want to forget all about it."

"Do you believe the story about the treasure?"

"I believe it exists," was the reply. "Somewhere in Mexico lies hidden the greatest loot in all the world. You have read of Captain Kidd's treasure? Well, it is nothing as compared to that which the cunning Aztec kept from Cortez."

"But, Uncle Thornton——"

"There, boys! I'm not going to discuss it and fire your imagination. The next thing you'll be looking for the impossible, and I won't have the satisfaction of bringing you safely home. So dismiss it from your minds, and get ready for the sail to Vera Cruz."

"But if we should accidentally find the treasure——"

"Which you never will. It is guarded so well that all the keen eyes in the world will never see it. It is surrounded by a thousand dangers and more than one poor wretch has lost his life in quest of it. So good night, lads."

When the door had closed upon the soldierly figure, Dick and Bernard looked at each other in deep silence.

"Don't you think it's worth trying for, Bernard?" cried Dick.

"It certainly is," was the quick response. "The old chart will guide us," and he looked at the parchment which had been placed on the table. "I can't make much out of it, but circumstances will guide us. If old Tecuza possesses the secret, we will wrest it from her. Jonas says we must also look out for General Arista and Colonel Machete."

"Mexican scoundrels, I suppose," said Dick. "But I'm going to turn in and dream about Montezuma's treasure," and ten minutes later the little room was in darkness.

CHAPTER II.

THE WITCH OF CHOLULA.

At the appointed time the Vulture transport, bearing away toward Mexican shores reinforcements for General Scott's little army, sailed out of the American harbor, and Dick and Bernard for the first time, clad in uniform, stood on the heaving deck of a vessel.

They were anxious to have a hand in the war then raging between this country and the Republic of Mexico, but most of all they were eager to discover what was really in the marvelous story of Montezuma's treasure.

Vera Cruz was reached in due time, and the boys had the satisfaction of seeing the stars and stripes wave over the strong fortress of San Juan d' Ulloa. After this came the battles of Cerro Gordo and Jalapa, in which the boys received their baptism of real fire, and the little army took up its march for Puebla.

The very name of the old and famous Mexican city thrilled the young recruits, for had not old Jonas told them that there they would be apt to strike the trail of the Aztec's wealth?

They were in General Worth's division of the army, and as it was composed of the most gallant men, it was assigned to the most arduous service. Puebla was occupied without much fighting, and the army had some rest.

About six miles from the city stood the pyramid of Cholula, an ancient affair erected by the Aztecs hundreds of years before the American invasion. It was more than one hundred feet in height, and the base covered a great deal of ground.

The boys one night took out their old chart, and by the light of the candle in their tent examined it. They had studied it a great deal on shipboard and during the marches, until they were familiar with the many lines upon it.

They had made secret inquiries about Tecuza, of whom Jonas Peabody had spoken, and had noticed that whenever they asked after her the natives suddenly relapsed into silence. They seemed to fear the very name of this person, but Dick and Bernard discovered that she still lived and was to be found in the vicinity of the old pyramid.

"If we can get horses tomorrow night," said Dick, "we will visit the ancient pile."

"That we will, Dick," Bernard respond-

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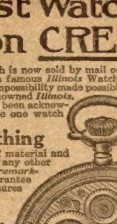

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ed, "but we must keep our visit from Captain Donovan."

The next night was one of wonderful beauty. The plains of Puebla lay beneath the stars, and the whole valley, rimmed by high hills, was as fair as a Persian paradise. The young soldiers managed to secure a pair of nimble-footed small horses, and, possessed of the countersign, stole secretly through the lines. In a few moments they were galloping toward Cholula through a narrow valley in which objects were distinctly visible.

The pyramid soon came in sight, and the boys became more cautious, for the country still swarmed with Mexican guerrileros, men of the keen lance and desperadoes of the most villainous character. These rascals would not hesitate to lance an American, and the boys resolved, if attacked, to defend themselves to the last.

Dismounting in a lot of chaparral near the pyramid, they stole forward on foot. The sides of the pyramid were overgrown with bushes, and the boys, look as sharp as they might, could discover no entrance.

"What is this?" suddenly exclaimed Bernard, as in the moonlight he chanced upon a foot track at the base of the old pile.

"Some one has been here," was Dick's reply. "The trail stops suddenly, as if

"If you remain here you are doomed!"

the maker of the tracks had taken wing like a bird, but that is hardly likely.

This discovery put the boys on their mettle, and all at once, by parting a lot of dense undergrowth, they came upon what seemed to be an old wooden door.

"Here it is!" cried Dick, as he turned to his companion. "We have found the way!"

Both boys drew back and looked to the pistols they carried. These weapons were splendid ones, and had been given to them before sailing for the seat of war.

The door was found to open without much strength, and in another moment they were in absolute darkness and the air was heavy and ill-smelling.

A light was soon struck, and by holding it over their heads they saw a narrow passage which seemed to lead into the bowels of the earth.

The way led downward and they had proceeded some distance when Dick seized Bernard's arm and pointed forward.

"Another door!" he cried.

Sure enough, the mystery of the Aztec pyramid was deepening, and as they had cocked their pistols for an emergency, they advanced slowly, to have their way blocked by a portal which was made of some material which resembled iron.

There was no sign of a keyhole, visible, but in the center of the door was a huge iron ring into which Bernard eagerly thrust his hand. The portal swung back slowly, and the boys stood still.

All at once the door swung to as though it had been propelled by unseen machinery, and when they tried to open it they found it as immovable as adamant. They were imprisoned in the heart of the Cholula!

For some moments their hearts seemed to cease their pulsations, and as a puff of air from some unknown quarter extinguished their light, they were once more in total darkness.

Not a sound came from anywhere.

"We are nicely trapped," said Dick, in a whisper. "This the beginning of our foolhardiness."

Bernard was silent for half a minute. "There's nothing to do but to go on," returned Bernard, who, like his companion, did not relish the situation. "We must be near some great mystery, and Montezuma's treasure must lie at the end of it."

"Forward!" answered Dick, as his courage returned. "All may come out well in the end."

They could feel the cold walls of the passage by putting out their hands, and here and there a soft slime was felt. Almost suddenly they became aware that they were not alone in the heart of the pyramid. A strange light came into being ahead, and presently they distinguished the outlines of a human figure. They drew back and gazed at it in silence. The object slowly became wholly visible, and at the same time a cry leaped from the boys' lips.

They were confronted by a being whose like they had never dreamed of. They had seen pictures of witches, but here was one that almost caused their hats to rise from their heads. Tall and rawboned, with a wrinkled face and long straggling locks, with a pair of deep, flashing eyes, and anger paramount in their depths, stood a woman who held in her uplifted hand a torch which shed a grotesque light around.

"Tecuza!" whispered Dick.

"The great witch of the underworld!" responded Bernard, in thrilling tones.

The next instant the object advanced, and they saw more of her as the figure seemed to increase in stature.

Dick and Bernard hugged the oozing wall with their hands on their weapons, resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

"Who comes to death?" rang out a voice, thrilling in every intonation as it echoed throughout the cavern, "who invades the home of the angel of Cholula?"

There was no reply.

The guardian of the pyramid came on until she held her torch almost into the very faces of the boys.

"Who is here? Americanos?"

Dick raised his pistol arm, but it fell suddenly to his side, and he glanced at Bernard in silence.

"Ho! ho!" continued the witch. "Here is a sacrifice for the ancient altars of the Aztec gods."

Bernard's horror broke forth in a cry. The woman was upon them, her grinning features more hideous than before and her blazing orbs snapping like a wild beast's.

"Back!" cried Dick. "Advance a step and we will end your guardianship."

A fearless laugh was the sole response. "What will it help the Americanos?"

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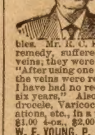

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said Tecuza. "They are in the heart of Cholula. There is no escape, little senors."

"Others have escaped from here—Jonas Peabody, for instance," replied Bernard. "Go back to your lair and move the machinery that opens the iron door."

The apparition waved the light above her head.

"You perish where you are!" she exclaimed. "Tecuza opens no door but that of doom."

"Come!" shouted Dick, pushing forward and thrusting his pistol into the woman's face. "Open the door or die."

She merely laughed again. Dick took another step forward, but that moment something like a coiling serpent caught him by the ankles and he was thrown to the cold floor. Bernard uttered a cry of terror.

"Ho! ho! What did Tecuza say?" cried a voice in Spanish. "Do the young senors seek the treasure of Montezuma?"

"The door! the door!" responded Bernard.

Old Tecuza answered with a shrill cry and then turned back. The young soldier's pistol awoke a thousand echoes. The passage seemed to be the abode of as many demons. The torch and it bearer vanished, and the boys once more found themselves in darkness, through which rose Dick's cry, which told Bernard that he was still in the grip of the lasso that had entangled his feet.

CHAPTER III.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

"I'm free!" suddenly rang from Dick's throat, and he was on his feet and his hand had found Bernard's wrist. "Where is the witch of Cholula?"

"She is gone, Dick."

"And we are prisoners in this old shell of mystery. Is there no escape?"

"I fear not."

The young soldiers stood irresolute for a short time. The place was as silent as the grave. From out the space into which Tecuza had gone there came not the semblance of a noise. The boys moved forward with caution. What would happen next they did not know, but they feared that the guardian of Cholula had gone off to prepare for their doom. Did they upbraid themselves for embarking on the adventure which threatened to cost them their lives? Upbraiding would do but little good now; they were in the trap and the next thing to do was to get out—if they could.

All at once they thought they heard the grating of a door as it opened. A breath of different air struck their faces.

"She comes!" whispered Dick as he drew nearer to his companion in misfortune.

"Who is here?" said a voice in mellow Spanish.

"Prisoners of the pyramid," answered Bernard in the same tongue.

There were stealthy footfalls in the gloom, and the boys became aware that they were confronted by some one.

"Americanos?"

"Yes, young soldiers in General Scott's army."

"In the name of the saints, what brought you to this dread trap?"

"Adventure."

The tones which had fallen upon the ears of the boys reassured them. There was nothing threatening in them.

"I am Judith Castro," was the reply. "My mother was an Americano, my father a Spaniard. If you remain here you are doomed."

"But you——"

"Have no care for me," and the words were accompanied by a light laugh. "I am able to take care of myself. Old Tecuza has gone to summon her aids, the guerrilleros. When they come your fate will be decided."

"And that will be——"

"Death!" broke in the unseen girl. "Old Tecuza calls herself the Angel of Cholula, but she is a veritable demon. She dare not injure me because of my father who fell in a recent revolution. There is one chance. It lies in the upper chamber of Cholula."

"The old pyramid is hollow, then?" asked Dick.

"It has chambers which are not known to every one. Come with me, senors."

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"What's the matter with the thing?" cried the husband. "I just filled it with gasoline last night."

"That's odd," replied the wife. "I noticed the can untouched in the cellar a few minutes ago."

"In the cellar?" retorted the husband. "Why, I got this in the kitchen."

"No wonder the machine will not run," hysterically laughed the young woman; "you have filled the car with maple syrup."

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BEE AND WASP.

A wasp met a bee that was busy buzzing by
And he said: "Little cousin, can you tell me why
You are loved so much better by people than I?

"My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold,
And my shape is most elegant, too, to behold;
Yet nobody likes me, for that I am told."

"Ah, cousin," the bee said, "'tis all very true;
But if I had half as much mischief to do,
Indeed, they would love me no better than you.

"You have a fine shape and a delicate wing,
They own you are handsome, but there is one thing
They cannot put up with, and that is your sting,

"My coat is quite homely and plain, as you see;
Yet nobody ever is angry at me,
Because I'm a humble and innocent bee!"

From this little story let people beware;
Because, like the wasp, if ill-natured they are,
They will never be loved, be they ever so fair!

Little Bravo.

Years ago some Indians lived on the banks of a beautiful river. The men fished and the women planted corn in little hillocks instead of in rows. When they sat down for a friendly gossip they held their little babies in their arms or strapped upon their backs. One young mother never took her eyes from the cradle in which her handsome boy slept. When he wakened, she sang to him and called him "Little Bravo" with such love and tenderness in her voice that the other women all stopped to listen.

Years passed merrily until Little Bravo was ten years old. He could hunt and fish, and his mother was happy dreaming of the time when he should be a man. All her spare moments were spent in embroidering clothes for Little Bravo and his father, with the result that they outshone all others of their tribe. Little Bravo always wore moccasins of yellow buckskin trimmed with beads and porcupine quills. He was a noble, warm-hearted and sunny-tempered lad.

One summer night, the heat hung heavy over the land.

"There will be a storm," said the father. "Where is Little Bravo?"

"Down on the river bank asleep," replied the mother. "I sat by him a long time brushing away the insects that bothered him. He had taken off his moccasins and his feet were bare. He is very beautiful, our Little Bravo. When the storm comes I will carry him in without awakening him."

The storm soon broke with great violence. The mother hastened to the river. As she was about to lift her boy a vivid flash of lightning revealed the two hands of the Spirit that lived in the water. They reached up and drew Little Bravo into the waves. All the mother saw was the print of his body on the shore and his two yellow moccasins. A scream brought the father to the spot. They both dived into the water, though the storm raged. What cared they for that? Their Little Bravo had disappeared beneath the surface. Finally, in heart-broken accents, they pleaded: "Oh, Spirit of the River! Give him back to us!"

By and by the father arose, and looking into the sky said: "It is the will of the Great Spirit. He has taken him away but will save him for us." Turning, he disappeared into the forest. The mother sat by the river for many days, without food or sleep, kissing and caressing the little yellow moccasins.

One night, raising her eyes to the sky, she beheld the pathway made of star-dust that leads to spirit-land. Longing to follow it, she felt the pressure of a small hand upon her shoulder. Turning, she met the smiling gaze of her son.

"Oh, Great Spirit, I thank thee! The dead is alive!"

"Come, mother," said the boy. "We are to follow yonder path tonight. I have come for thee, because thy weeping grieves the happy ones."

The mother placed her hand in the small clasp and she said:

"Here are thy moccasins. Thou wilt need them. The way is rough."

The boy laughed, and held up his foot, upon which flashed and gleamed moccasins of shining gold. "Lay down my old moccasins," he said, "and thou shalt see how a mother's love shall be remembered."

She placed the little yellow moccasins on the ground, and about them green leaves unfolded. The leaves grew rapidly into a flower-stalk, and on the highest spray the moccasins were fastened. They shrank in size and changed into flowers, keeping their first shape and color.

The Little Bravo spoke.

"See, Mother," he said, "these flowers shall bloom on forever by this shining river. Long after the red man shall have gone, they shall bloom."

Wondering but happy, the mother followed Little Bravo along the star-strewn path to spirit-land. Not many moons later the father joined them out of the mists of battle.

All this was long ago. The Indians have left the banks of the river, but the yellow flowers bloom by its waters. White children gather them and call them "orchids," or "lady's slippers," but the Indians always give them their real name of "Indian moccasins."

KIND HEARTED.

Chicks:
Ma, see that poor old horse. Oh, my!
No feathers on to keep him dry!
He's just as wet as anything!
Pray take him underneath your wing.
Please!
Your chickens, ma'am, are very kind,
But tell them that I do not mind.
Because I'm just a poor old hack
Quite used to reins upon my back.

Little Helpers.

Do you know what the children who do things to help one another are called? They are called "little step savers," and a great blessing they are to many a tired mother. For their own growth it is necessary for children to run and walk a great deal. By saving steps for mother they are helping themselves to grow and doing a great kindness to mother at the same time.

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By R. E. Olds, Designer

Reo the Fifth—My Farewell Car—marks the best I know, after 25 years spent in car building.

It is the 24th model which I have created.

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In any event, this car marks my limit. It shows the best I know.

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The price of $1,055—the initial price—is probably too low to continue.

We have a model factory—an enormous output. We have invented countless machines which cut the cost of production.

And we save nearly $200 per car by building only one chassis in this great plant.

We can build cars for less than others. But $1,055 is an altruistic price.

It is based on maximum output—on unusually low cost for materials. Under usual conditions such a price is impossible.

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But Reo the Fifth, while I direct the making, will never be skimped in the slightest.

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All I have gained in 25 years is at stake on this final achievement.

All the steel that I use is analyzed to know that it accords with my formulas.

My gears are tested in a crushing machine of 50 tons' capacity.

I use roller bearings—Timken and Hyatt—in every important part. There are only three ball bearings in this whole car.

My carburetor is doubly heated, and adapted to all grades of gasoline.

Margins of Safety

My experience has taught me, above all else, the need for big margins of safety.

I use Nickel steel for axles and driving shaft, and make them much larger than necessary. I use Vanadium steel connections.

The tests and inspections on every part are carried to extremes.

I know where weakness develops. And I know that it can't develop in this final car of mine.

Beauty and Luxury

The design of this car shows the last touch of up-to-dateness.

The body is finished in 17 coats. The upholstering is deep—made of genuine leather, filled with hair.

The wheels are large, the tonneau is roomy, the car is over-tired.

The lamps are enameled. Even the engine is nickel trimmed. One cannot find at any price a better-finished car.

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In this car I bring out my new center control. The gear shifting is done by a cane-handled lever between the two front seats. It is done by moving this lever less than three inches in each of four directions.

Both brakes are operated by foot pedals. So there are no side levers. The entrance in front is as clear as the tonneau.

The driver of this car may sit, as he should sit, on the left-hand side. He is close to the cars he passes. He is on the up side of the road. This has been possible heretofore only in electric cars.

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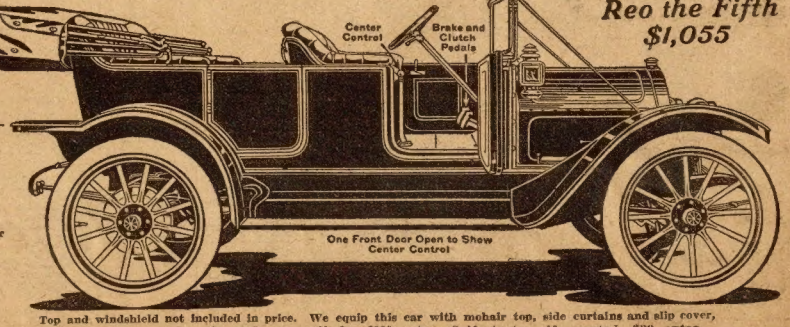

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